All Going Home

Coomeon agricomeo

COMPOSED BY HENRY O. UPTON,

And sung with unbounded applause, by the Howard Burlesque Opera Troupe, of Salem.

We're all going home,
Back to the old plantation,
There mid the flowers,
Where we love to stray.
You ne'er can find
A place in all creation,
So dear as the home
Where we darkies used to play.

Chorus—We're all going home,
To Alabama shore;
We'll sing to you and bid adieu,
You'll see us here no more.

'T was by the river's side,
We met and sung together,
The songs which we darkies
Are singing here to-night;
And lovely Rosa Clyde,
Came dancing like a feather,—
Her presence in this happy band,
Made our spirits light.

We're all going home,
Back to Alabama,
And sing again for master
The songs we sung before.
We'll meet with Rosa Clyde,
She is the darky charmer;
But now we'll bid you all adieu,
You'll see us here no more.

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COMPOSED BY HENRY 8. WETSN.

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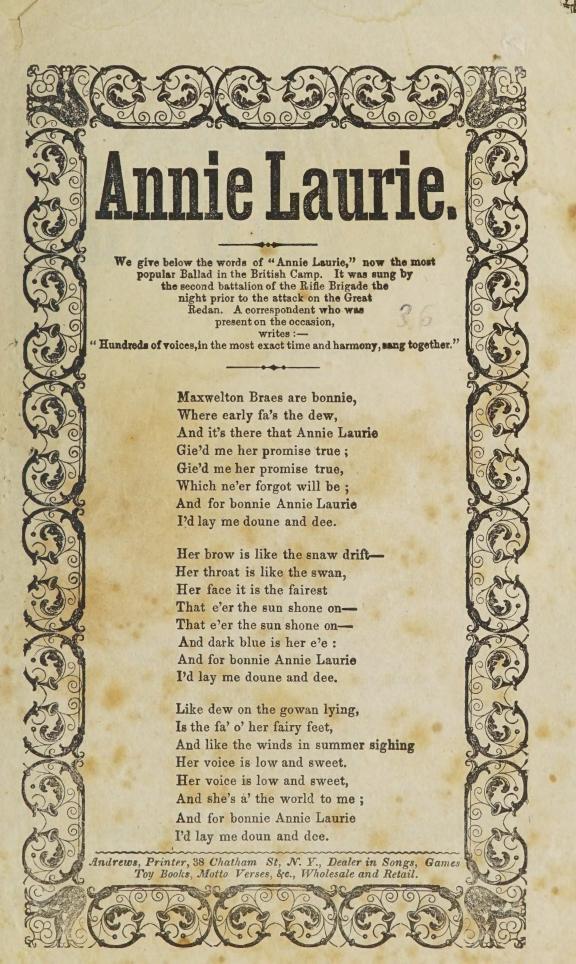
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We give below the words of "Annie Lamie," now the racet popular Halisch in the British Camp. It was sure by the second tourish of the Girls Releads the night polar to the atlant to 1 to know a line in the second includes a trace occasion.

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ANNIE LAURIE.

Maxwelton Braes are bonnie,
Where early falls the dew,
And its there that Annie Laurie
Gave me her promise true;
Gave me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot will be;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and die.

Her brow is like the snow drift—Her throat is like the swan;
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on—
That e'er the sun shone on—
And dark blue is her eye:
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and die.

Like dew on the gowan lying,
Is the fall of her fairy feet,
And like the winds in summer sighing
Her voice is low and sweet,
Her voice is low and sweet.
And she's all the world to me;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and die.

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Where early fails the dee.
And its three than Annie Laurie
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Ciave not her meaner true;
Which as er forget will be;
And for be naise Armie Laurie
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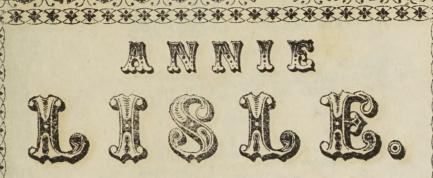
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A. H. MORELAND, BOOK, DAED AND LOD PRINTER,

No. 105 PERSON PERSONS NAMED OF

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Down where the waving willows,
'Neath the sunbeams shine;
Shadowed o'er the murm'ring waters,
Dwelt sweet Annie Lisle;
Pure as the forest lilly,
Never thought of guile,
Had its home within the bosom
Of loved Annie Lisle.

Chorus—Wave willows, murmur waters,
Golden sunbeams smile;
Earthly music cannot waken,
Lovely Annie Liste.

Sweet came the hallowed chiming,
Of the Sabbath bell,
Borne on the morning breezes
Down the woody dell.
On a bed of pain and anguish,
Lay dear Annie Lisle;
Changed were the lovely features,
Gone the happy smile.

CHORUS. Wave willows, &c.,

Toll bells of Sabbath morning,
I shall never more
Hear your sweet and holy music,
On this earthly shore.
Forms clad in heav'nly beauty,
Look on me and smile,
Waiting for the longing spirit
Of your Annie Lisle.

CHORUS. Wave willows, &c.,

Raise me in your arms, dear Mother,
Let me once more look,
On the green and waving willows,
And the flowing brook;
Hark, those strains of angel music
From the choirs above;
Dearest Mother, I am going,
Truly, "God is love."

Chorus. Wave willows, &c.,

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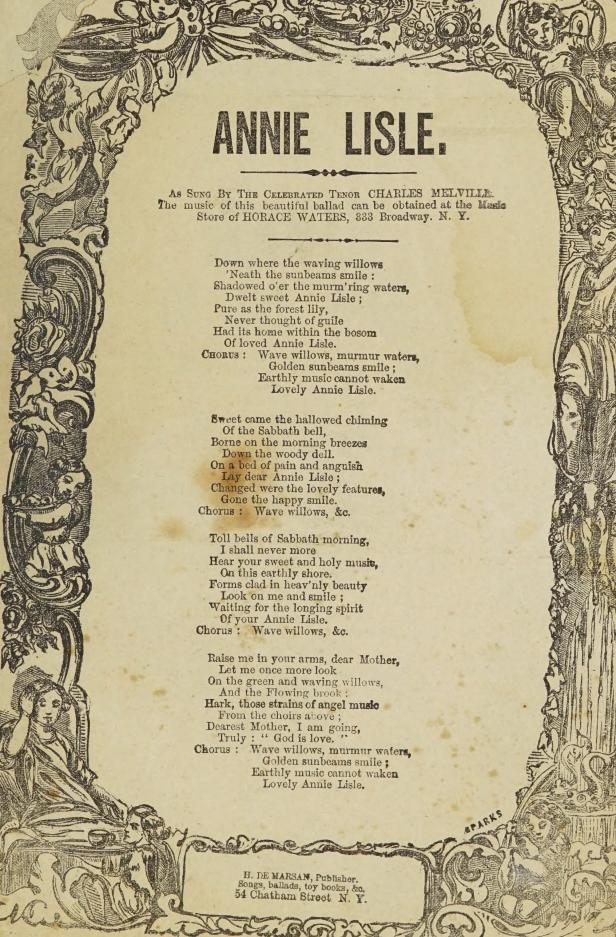
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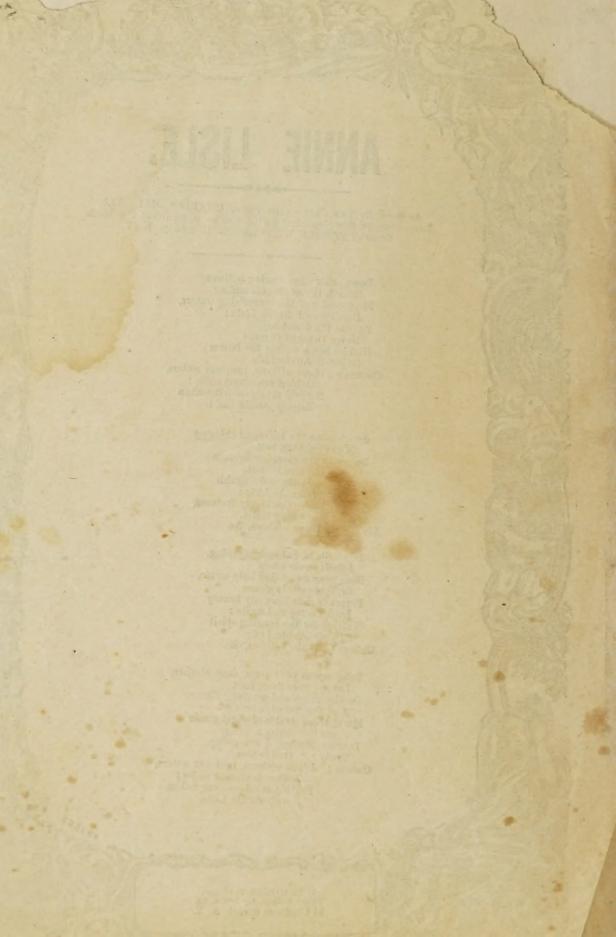
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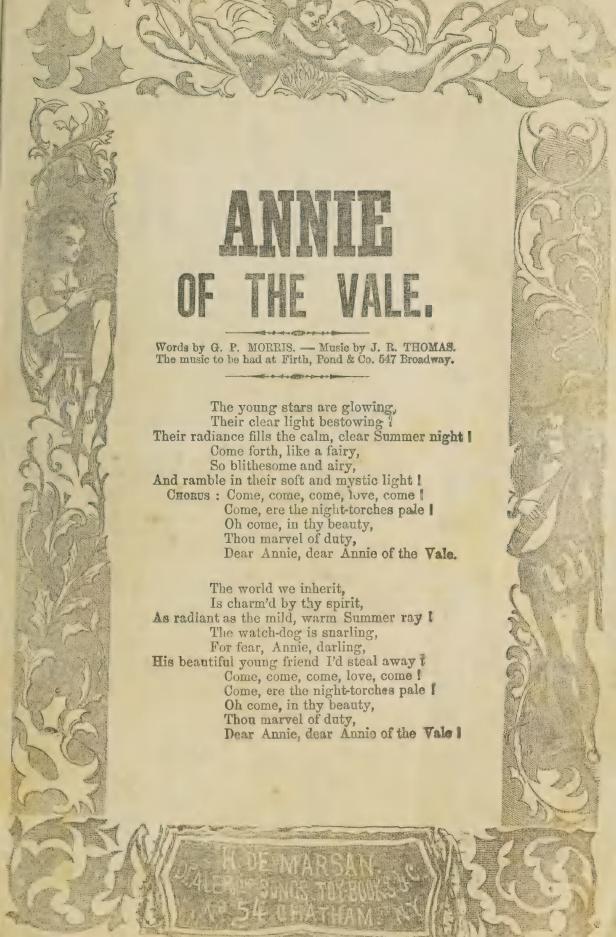
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And three I saw the little wraty, Belle Benedon, And we met beeth be old whom wee, a

He brandon was birding of the numbers,
In treedom she encyted on her wings,
hey said the like cut of the wed man.
They said the like cut of the wed man.
They said her from a far distant sea.
And she loved her bunkle dueling on the prairie.
And her gudeines nappy hears element on e.
They do both lot distant hereaft like heardon.
And we note lot distant hereaft like heardon.
And we note lot ed the old about tree

On the rout of an aged free l'erret them, our names en the sorth our remain, and repair in sorrow to its shelter, And m. mur to the wild winde my pain.

And m. shore in solitair repining.

Let the beauty dress might inought on.

Death has wedsthe reth beauty. Beile frauden, and sheleform north we id arbor tree.

Repeat - Douth as wed that ree.

Andrews French, "& Charlens St. V. V., Done in Jouge, Co.

The Belle

OF

ABERDEEN.

AIR---"ANNIE LAURIE."

Love's dream is like the rainbow,
A shade of every hue;
Or like a blushing flower,
That smiles beneath the dew.
Beneath the glittering dew;
Oh! ever thus, I ween,
The dream of love is pleasing,
While rainbow tints are seen.

I fondly dreamed of Jessie,
The belle of Aberdeen;
Her eye was deepest azure,
The brightest ever seen—
The brightest ever seen;
Her cheek like roses fair,
And the sunlight softly lingered
Around her golden hair.

And when the flowers were dying
Upon the heather there,
They brought a little ringlet
Of charming Jessie's hair;
Of dying Jessie's hair,
'Twas all I e'er should see,
With her dying hand she clipp'd it
And bade them give it me.

J. H. MORELAND, Book, Card and Fancy Job Printing Office, 235 Essex Street, Salem. Songs printed very Cheap.

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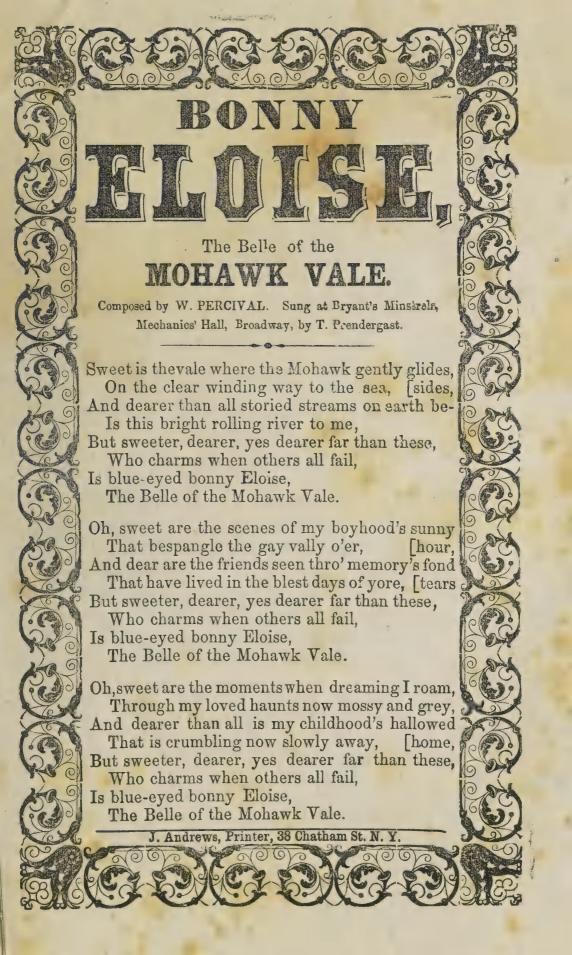
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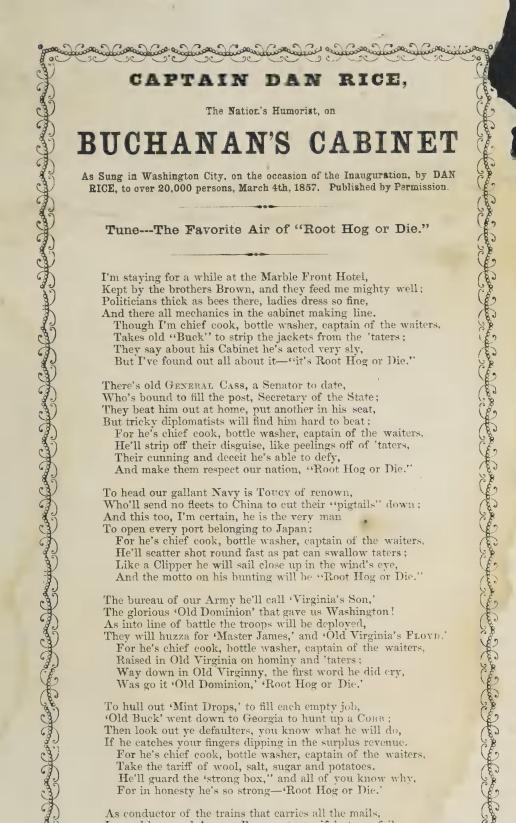
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Model Topic and County Spiritually States.



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As conductor of the trains that carries all the mails, Is good humored Aaron Brown, to see if but one fails; In telegraphic times the mails are bound to shine, On land they go by railroad, at sea by Collins' Line. For he's chief cook, bottle washer, captain of the waiters, He'll scatter mails around and watch the operators; In spite of all impediments he'll make the letters fly, When he sings out clear the track—'Root Hog or die.'

To settle points of law, to know what claims are fudge,
Our Attorney General is to be a good 'Old Keystone Judge'—
Impartial Jeremiah Black, who's ready still to stand
Before our black-robed Judges, with precedents at hand.
He's chief cook, bottle washer, captain of the waiters;
From naughty deeds he'll strip the fur, and watch the legislators
For to swindle 'Uncle Sam' 'twill be in vain to try,
With Jerry Black at his back—'Root Hog or Dic.'

Interior of Affairs to guard and regulate,
Comes sturdy Jacob Thompson, who won't repudiate,
Though he comes from Mississippi, I'll tell you here to-night,
That on the great goose question he's always in the right.
He's chief cook, bottle washer, captain of the waiters,
He'll deal you out new patents, land warrants, seed for 'taters.
And if you want a pension, he'll know the reason why—
Whether in the revolution you did 'Root Hog or Die.'

In olden times kings had their fools to while away their time,
To please them, as I hope I've done, all here in mongrel rhyme;
But our James Buchanan these duties to discharge,
Has given Dan Rice the post of 'humorist at large.'
For he's chief cook, bottle washer, a captain of a fool,
Who has set an example to them all of a new and witty school,
His oddities can make you laugh, his pathos make you cry;
The only art he uses is to 'Root Hog or Die.'

Published and sold at wholesale and retail, by

JOSHUA PECKHAM,

Dealer in Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, Fancy Goods, Fireworks, &c., &c., No. 187 Essex Street, Salem, Mass.

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THE CARRIER DOVE.

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Fly away to my native land, sweet Dove,
Fly away to my native land,
And bear these lines to my lady love,
That I've traced with a feeble hand.
She marvels much at my long delay,
A rumor of death she has heard,
Or she thinks, perhaps, that I falsely stray;
Then fly to her bower, sweet bird.

Oh! fly to her bower, and say the chain
Of the tyrant is o'er me now—
That I never shall mount my steed again
With helmet upon my brow!
No friend to my lattice a solace brings,
Except when your voice is heard;
When you beat the bars with your snowy wings,
Then fly to her bower, sweet bird.

I shall miss thy visit at dawn, sweet dove,
I shall miss thy visit at eve;
But bring me a line from my lady love,
And then I shall cease to grieve.
I can bear in a dungeon, to waste away youth,
I can fall by the conqueror's sword,
But I cannot endure she should doubt my truth,
Then fly to her bower sweet bird.

TO SELLEND SEL

"I'S MIDNIGHT HOUR.

'Tis midnight hour, the moon shines bright,
The dew-drops play beneath her ray;
The twinkling stars their trembling light,
Like beauty's eyes display.
Then sleep no more, though 'round thy heart
Some tender dream may idly play,
For midnight song with magic art,
Shall chase that dream away.

'Tis midnight hour, from flower to flower
The wayward zephyr floats along,
Or lingers in some shady bower,
To hear the night-bird's song.
Then sleep no more, though 'round thy heart
Some tender dream may idly play,
For midnight song with magic art,
Shall chase that dream away.

THE CARRIER DOVE.

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THE SEA.

Childhood's days now pass before me,
Forms and scenes of long ago,
Like a dream they hover o'er me,
Calm and bright as evening's glow.
Days that know no shade of sorrow,
There my young heart pure and free,
Joyful hailed each coming morrow
In the Cottage by the sea.

CHORUS:

In the Cottage by the sea, In the Cottage by the sea, Joyful hailed each coming morrow, In the Cottage by the sea.

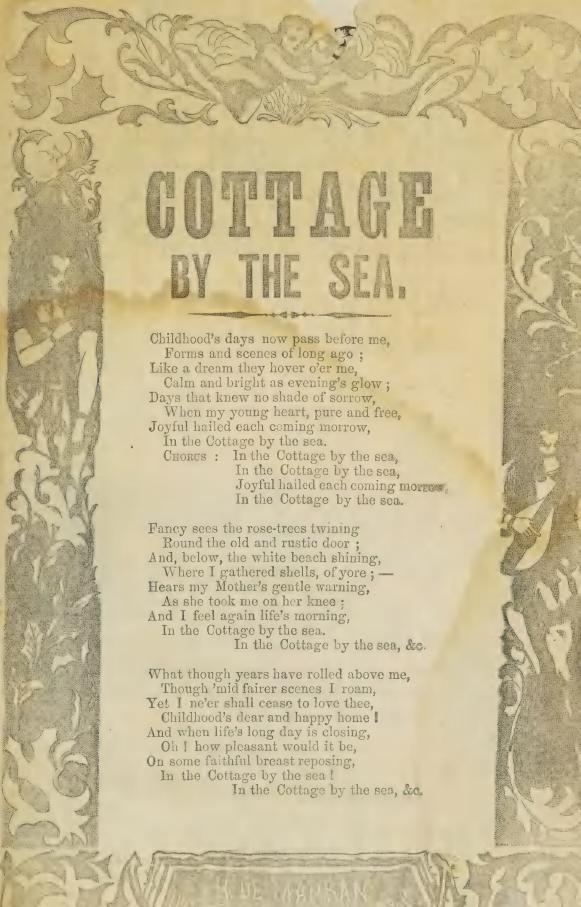
Fancy sees the rose trees twining,
Round the old and rustic door,
And below, the white beach shining,
Where I gathered shells of yore.
Hears my mother's gentle warning,
As she took me on her knee;
And I feel again life's morning,
In the Cottage by the sea,

In the Cottage by the sea, &c.

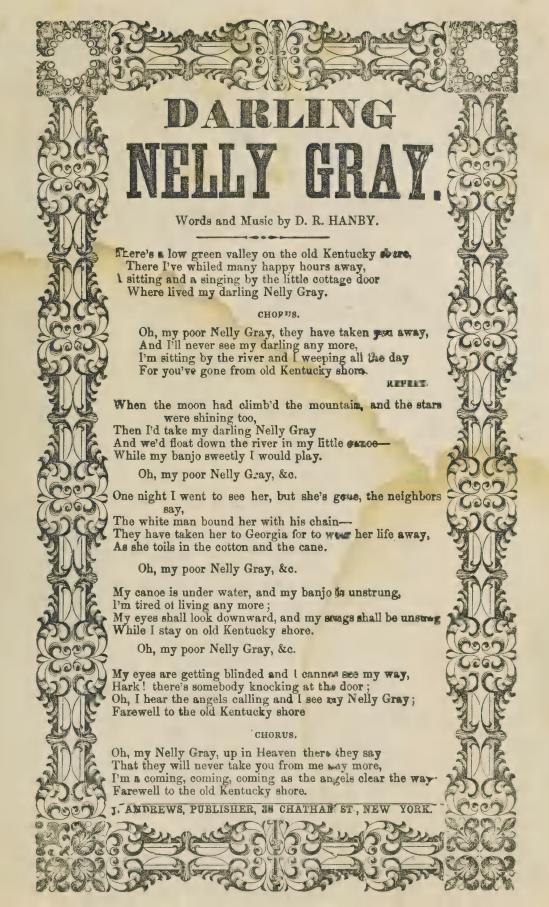
What though years rolled above me,
Though 'mid fairer scenes I rosm,
Yet I ne'er shall cease to love thee,
Childhood's dear and happy home!
And when life's long day is closing,
Oh! how pleasant it would be,
On some faithful heart reposing,
In the Cottage by the sea.

In the Cottage by the sea, &c.

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DROP A TEAR, You Darkies

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COMPOSED BY J. S. LEFAVOUR,

And sung with unbounded applause, by the Howard Burlasque Opera Troupe, of Salem.

I was born in old Kentucky State,
Where the sugar cane does grow,
Where the darkies work from morn till night,
The cotton plant to hoe.
At sunset, when the work is done,
Their many forms are seen,
A dancing by the old banjo,
Upon the village green.

Chorts—Then drop a tear you darkies,
For old Kentucky shore;
We've left it far behind us,
And n'er shall see it more.
[Berear.]

The colored girls, they look so nice,
And when you pass them by,
You see the blush upon their cheek,
And the smile that's in their eye.
And then they dress so very neat,
Upon a sunday morn,
With ribbons floating in the air,
The color of the corn.

Of all the states I've travelled yet,
Kentucky is the best;
And when I leave this troubled world
'T is there I'd like to rest.
In springtime, when the blue birds sing,
And sweet wild flowers bloom,
There I could rest so peacefully,
Down in my silent tomb.

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CONSTORED BY J. S. REFANOUR.

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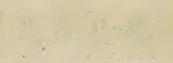
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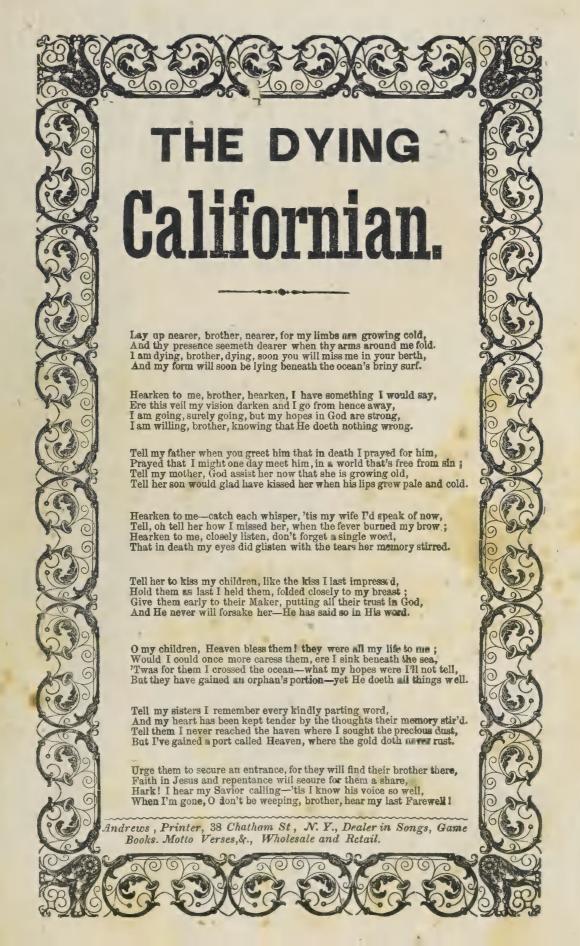
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Beautiful star in heaven so bright, Softly falls thy silver light, As thou movest from earth afar, Star of the evening—beautiful star!

> Beautiful star, beautiful star, Star of the evening, Beautiful, beautiful star!

In fancy's eye thou seem'st to say, Follow me—come from earth away, Upward thy spirit's pinions try, To realms of love beyond the sky.

> Beautiful star, beautiful star, Star of the evening, Beautiful, beautiful star!

Shine on! oh, star of love divine, And may our souls around the e twine, As thou movest from earth afar, Star of the twilight—beautiful star!

> Beautiful star, beautiful star, Star of the evening, Beautiful, beautiful star!

Jackson, Printer, 190 Houston Street, N. Y.

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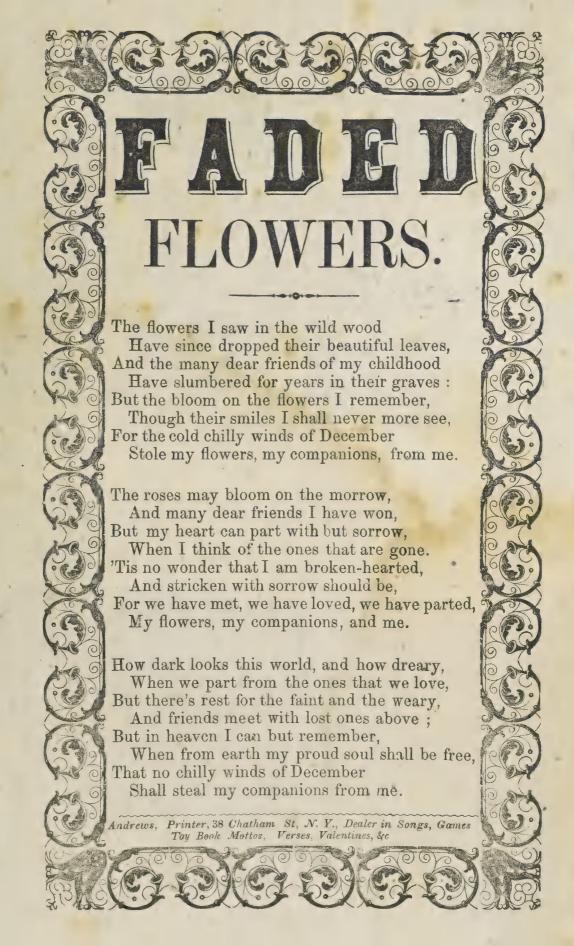
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FLORA MAY.

Words and Music composed by JOHN S. LEFAVOUR, of Salem. Words published by permission from the author. Music to be had at the principal Bookstores.

In South Carolina I was born,
Down by the river's side;
To pick the cotton, hoe the corn,
It was my joy, my pride.
And when at work down in the field,
My heart was light and gay;
For with me there, so blooming fair,
Was charming Flora May.

CHORUS:

But Flora May has passed away,
In tears my heart is bound.
Dear Flora May has passed away,
And now lies sleeping in the cold, cold ground.

[REPEAT.]

How pleasant were the hours we passed,
Beneath the pine tree's shade,
Or roaming by the gushing brook,
And in the forest glade;
But alas! these things were not for me,
She was not to be my bride;
But like a flower that wastes away,
She sickened, drooped and died.

But now she's passed away from earth,
Angels have called her home;
My heart is sealed from joy and mirth,
As I weep here alone.
Alas! no joys are left for me—
I wish not long to stay;
My dying wish shall be to lie
By the side of Flora May.

Published and sold, at wholesale and retail, by

JOSHUA PECKHAM,

Dealer in CLOCKS, WATCHES, JEWELRY, FANCY GOODS, FIRE-WORKS, &c., 187 Essex Street, Salem, Mass.

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THE Gal in Blue!

Published by permission of John H. Duley, of Perham's Opera Troupe.

I met a pretty yaller gall, her name I do not know, I meet her every evening, no matter where I go, She swings de fancy handkerchief that sparkles like the dew, You'd know her if you seen her, she's always dressed in blue.

CHORUS.

She'll set dis darkey crazy, I don't know what to do, If I can't get dat pretty gal dat I saw dressed in blue. She'll set dis darkey crazy, I don't know what to do, If I don't get dat pretty gal dat I saw dressed in blue.

I met her in de street one day, she looked at me so sly, Dat when my horses seen her, dey boff began to shy; Dey bite, dey reared, dey jump, dey pitch, an' down de street dey flew, And passed dat pretty gall dat I saw dressed in blue.

She'll set dis darkey, &c.

Oh! if I could but hear her name, I hope it wont be long, I'd follow up de telemgraph de verses ob dis song; And if I cannot find her my heart will break in two, Den I would sigh and bid good bye to de pretty gall in blue.

She'll set dis darkey, &c.

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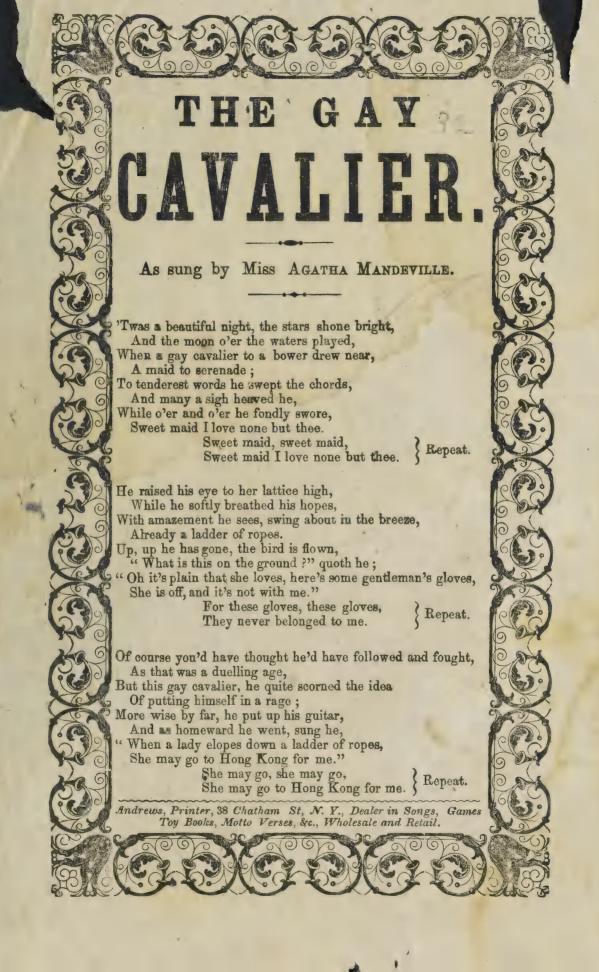
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GENTLE ANNIE!

Thou wilt come no more, gentle Annie,
Like a flower thy spirit did depart,
Thou art gone, alas, like the many,
That have bloomed in the summer of my heart.

CHORUS.

Shall we never more behold thee,

Never hear thy winning voice again,

When the spring-time comes, gentle Annic,

When the wild flowers are scattered o'er the plain

We have roamed and loved mid the bowers,
When thy downy cheeks were in bloom,
Now I stand alone mid the flowers,
While they mingle their perfumes o'er thy tomb.

Chorus—Shall we never more, &c.

Ah, the hours grow sad while I ponder,
Near the silent spot where thou art laid,
And my heart bows down when I wander,
By the streams and meadows where we strayed.

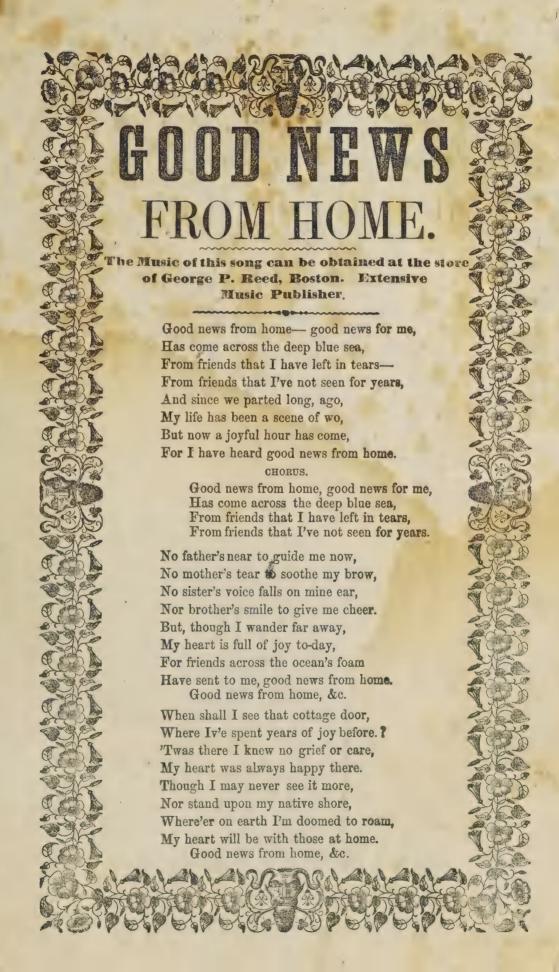
Chorus—Shall we never more, &c.

Published and sold at wholesale and retail, by

JOSHUA PECKHAM,

Dealer in Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, Fancy Goods, Fireworks, &c., No. 187 Essex Street, Salem, Mass.

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HANDSOME Sarah Jane!

COMPOSED BY HENRY O. UPTON,

And sung with unbounded applause by the Howard Burlesque Opera Troupes of Salem, Mass. Words published by permission.

The meon was rising in the sky,
As Sarah came to me;
She asked if I would like to go
Down to the jubilee.
Just then I heard the banjo sound,
The bones and tamborine;
She said the darkies all would go
If I would raise a team.

CHORUS:

We all went off together Along with Sarah Jane; She drove a span of horses, Down the village lane.

She drove a carriage to the door,

The horses would not wait;
The ladies had to hurry up—

'T was getting rather late.
She snapped the whip and off we flew,

It put my heart in pain,
To see the carriage wheel come off,

Along with Sarah Jane.

We all went off together, &c.

It made this nigger kind of smile,

To see his Sally lub,

And lots of other colored gals

A scrabbling in the mud.

At last we got down to the ball,

And sung a lively strain;

The darkies danced and gave three cheers,

[Spoken—Who for?]

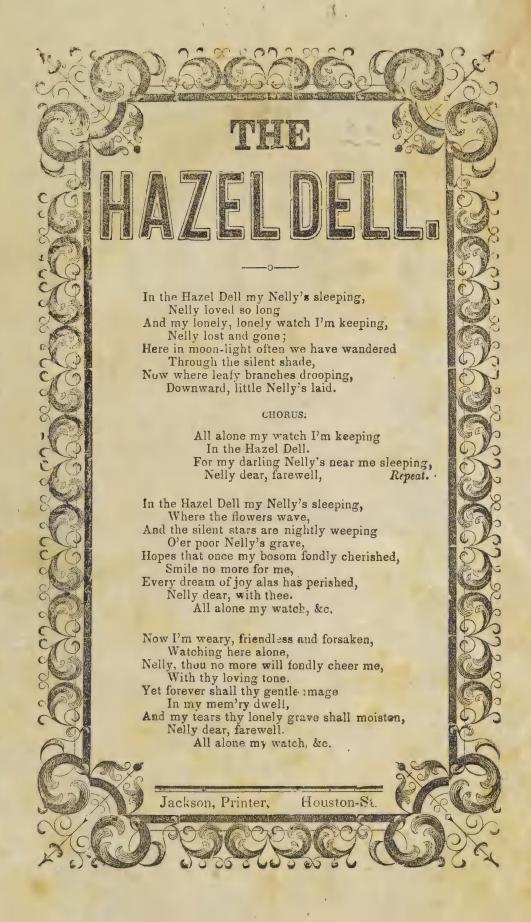
Why handsome Sarah Jane.

We all went off together, &c.

Published and sold at wholesale and retail, by

GEORGE W. PECKHAM,

No 10 LAFAYETTE STREET, Salem, Mass. All the new Songs constantly on hand. Orders from the country promptly attended to.



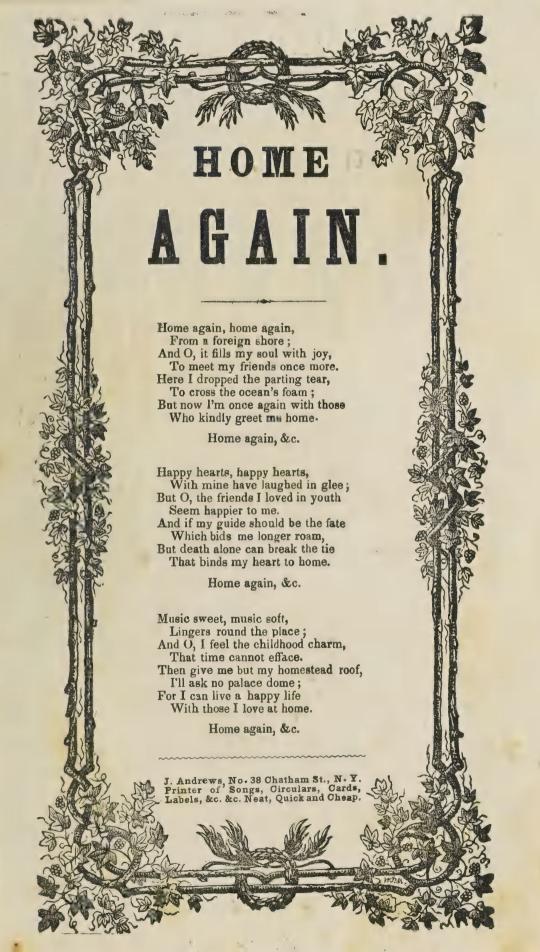
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THE REST OF STREET STRE

Homeward

Out on an ocean all boundless we ride— We're homeward bound, homeward bound, Far from the safe, quiet harbor we've rode, Tossed on the waves of a rough, restless tide—

We're homeward bound, homeward bound. Seeking our Father's celestial abode, Promise of which on us each he bestowed,

We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars— We're homeward bound, homeward bound. Steady, O pilot! stand firm at the wheel; Look! yonder lie the bright heavenly shores—

We're homeward bound, homeward bound. Steady! we soon shall out weather the gale; O how we fly 'neath the loud creaking sail-We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

Into the harbour of heaven now weiglide— We're home at last, home at last, Softly we drift on its bright silver tide— We're home at last, home at last. Glory to God! all our dangers are o'er;

We stand secure on the glorified shore; Glory to God we will shout evermore—

We're home at last, home at last.

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I'LL HANG MY HARP On a Willow Tree.

I'll hang my harp on a willow tree,
I'll off to the wars again,
My peaceful home has no charms for me,
The battle field no pain;
The lady I love will soon be a bride,
With a diadem on her brow;
Oh why did she flatter my boyish pride
She's going to leave me now.

Oh, why, &c.

She took me away from my warlike lord,
And gave me a silken suit,
I thought no more of my master's sword,
When I played on my master's lute.
She seemed to think me a boy above
Her pages of low degree;
Oh, had I loved with a boyish love,
It would have been better for me.

Oh, had I, &c.

Then I'll hide in my breast every selfish care;
I'll flush my pale cheek with wine;
When smiles awake the bridal pair
I'll hasten to give them mine:
I'll laugh and I'll sing, though my heart may bleed,
And I'll walk in the festal train,
And if I survive it I'll mount my steed,
And I'll off to the wars again.

And if I survive, &c.

But one golden tress of her hair I'll twine
In my helmet's sable plume,
And then on the field of Palestine,
I'll seek an early doom.
And if by the Saracen's hand I fall,
'Mid the noble and the brave,
A tear from my lady love is all
I ask for the warrior's grave.

A tear from, &c

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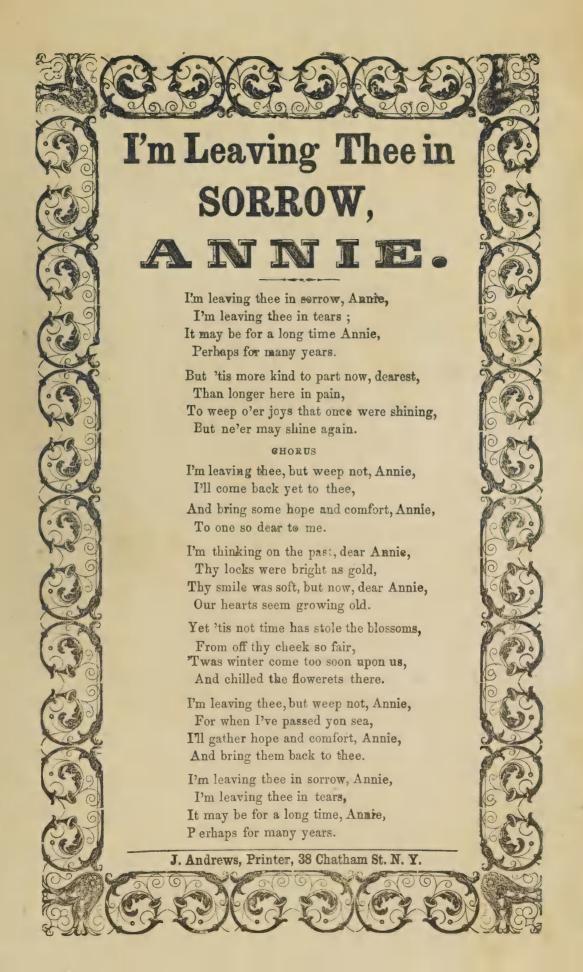
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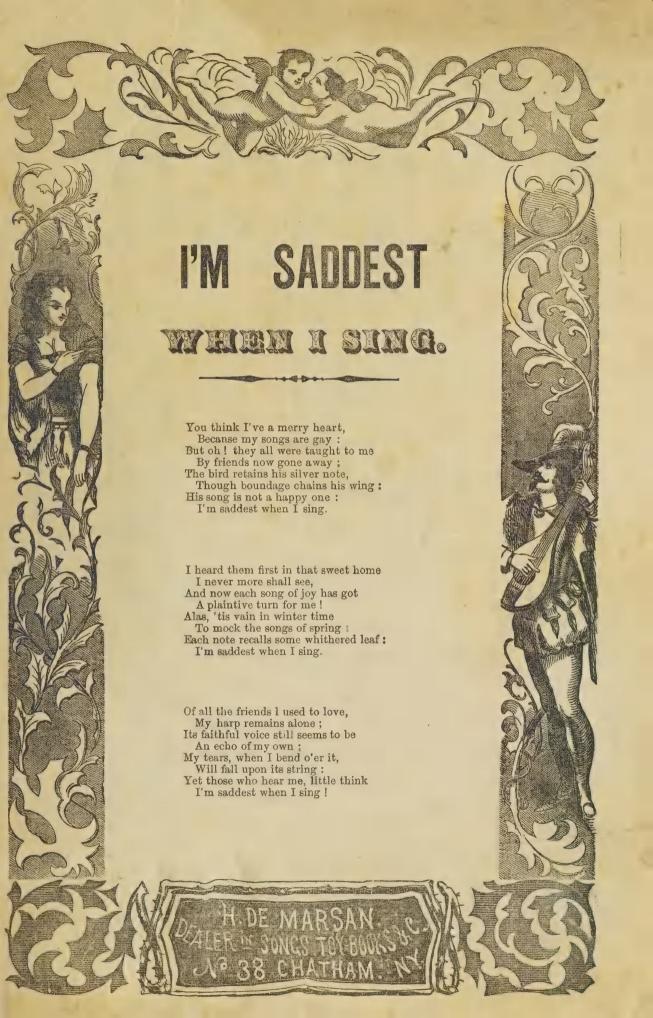
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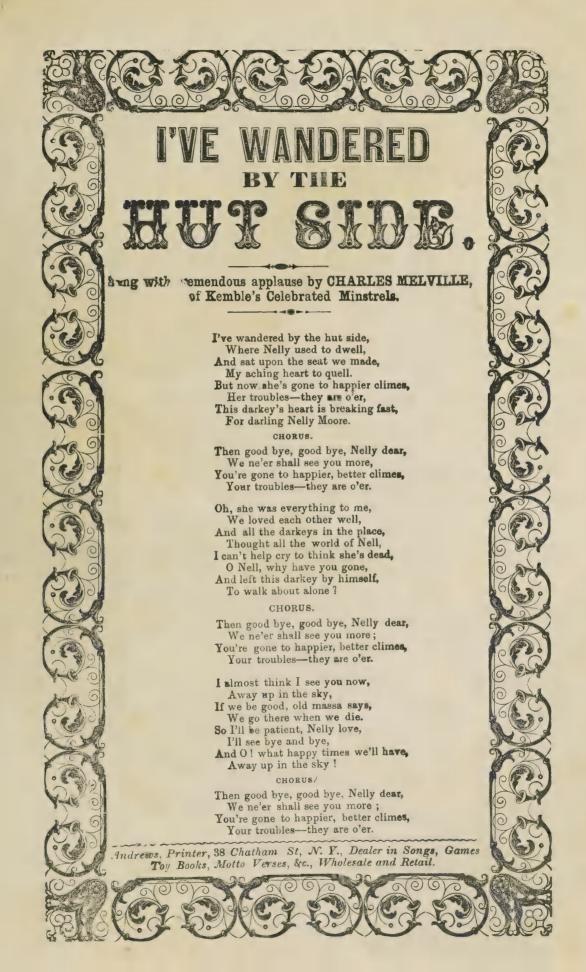






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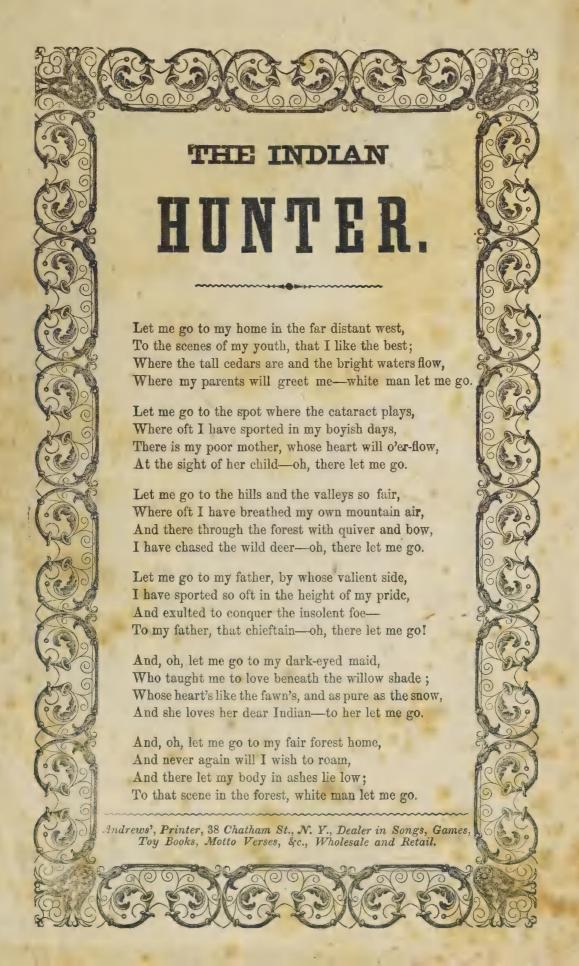
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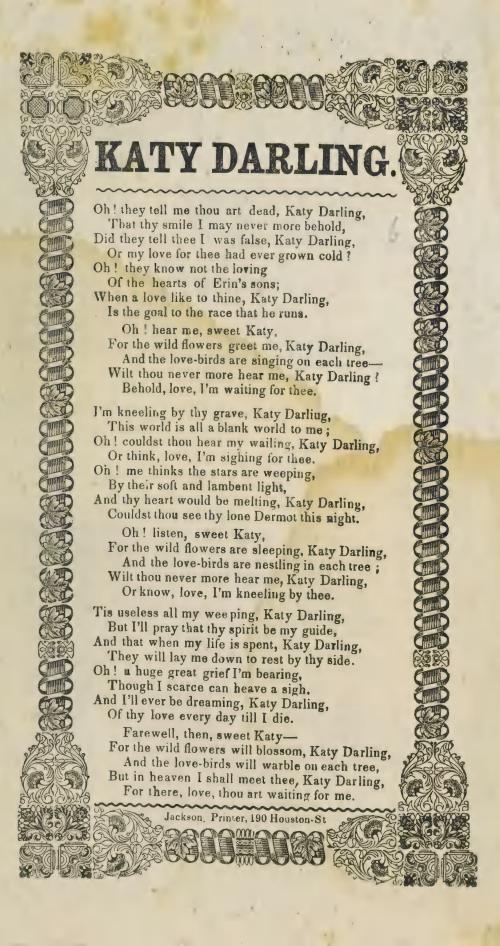
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PRICE ONE CENT.

JEANNETTE AND JEANNOTEE.

You are going far away, Far away from poor Jeannette, There is no one left to love me now, And you, too, may forget; But my heart will be with you, Wherever you may go; Can you look me in the face, And say the same to me, Jeannotte? When you wear the jacket blue, And the beautiful cockade, Oh, I fear you will forget All the promises you made; With the gun upon your shoulder, And the bayonet by your side, You'll be taking some proud lady, And be making her your bride.

Or when glory lead the way, You'll be madly rushing on, Never thinking if they kill you, That my happiness is gone; If you win the day, perhaps A General you'll be, Though I'm proud to think of that, What will become of me? Oh, if I were the Queen of France, Or still better, Pope of Rome, I would have no fighting men abroad, No Weeping maids at home; All the world should be at peace, Or if kings must show their might, Why let them who make the quarrels, Be the only men to fight.



HATT DARLING.

me thon are dead Mary Barling,
I may no falso Mary Parling,
love for then h. lover grown cold?
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Without ne ter more hear a seconty Durhage.

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Northe wild flowers are sleet and hary Darling, and the love-birds are willn't a each nee; if it then never more hear "y Darling, hence, fove I on kneeding by thee.

"Its acolors all my r first Kary Darling, And that visco my he is: mt. hay! ing They will be my he is: mt. hay! ing They will be mo down to rest by thy side. Oh! a num great grief! I'm bearing, gh! scarre can neave a sign.

Am aver be dreaming, my Darling.

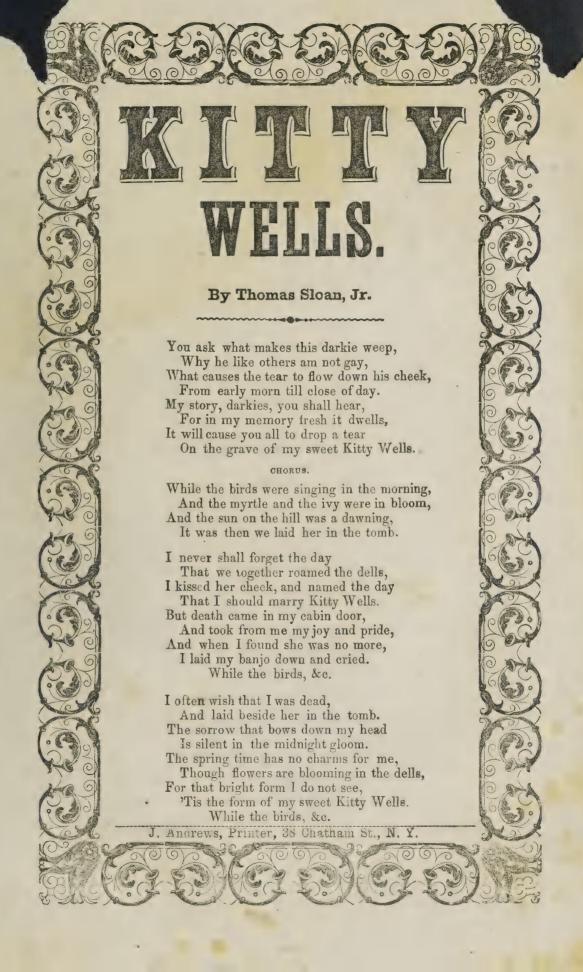
Of thy love every day till die.

Parawell, them, sweet Karn.

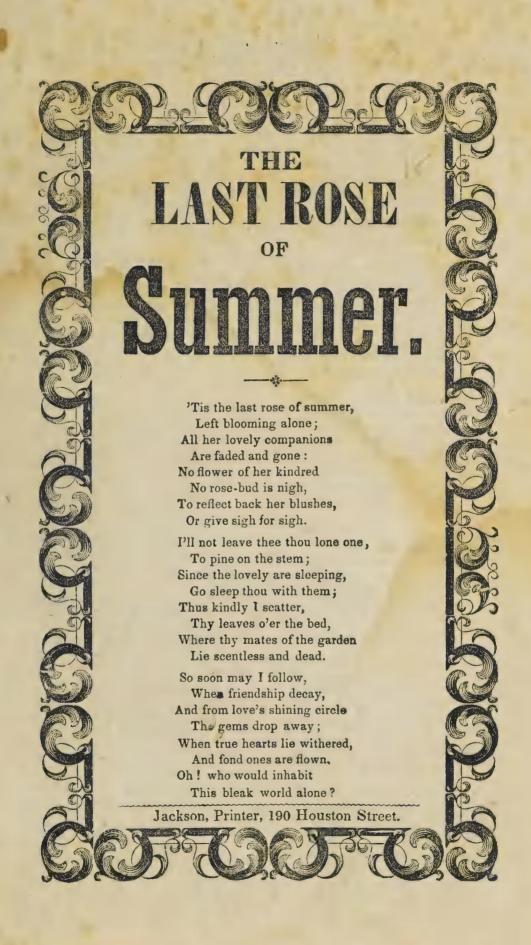
Farmell, then, sweet Katy—
Forth wild flowers will scom. Kety Darling,

E the love-birds will the each tree,
But in horses I soull most then, Katy I thing
For there, they, then are welcome for me

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A SHEET

The the best top of challests
Left blooming closes
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the snear may I follow,

When it immulating dream,
and from love a coining circle
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and fold - are flown,

Oh! who would immine

The Lawrence Disaster.

BY JASON E. COWDEN.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by J. E. Cowden, in the Clerk's Office of the District of Massachusetts.

Heard ye that wail of fearful woe,
Loud bursting on the air!
Listen! Oh listen, to those groans
And shrieks of wild despair!
Why throbs the nation's giant heart,
With anguish wild and deep!
Oh deep must be the fearful woe,
That makes a nation weep!

The morning sun, with cheering beams,
Leaped from his briny bed,
And swiftly toward the western hills
His onward course he sped.
Scarce had his last bright golden rays
Flashed from each dome and spire,
When through the streets of Lawrence
rung
The fearful cry of fire.

Forth from their anvil, bench and loom,
Her citizens they came,
Whilst louder, higher, rang the cry,
The Pemberton's in flames!
No fire was there, yet Pemberton
A mass of ruins laid,
Crushing beneath its cruel weight
The matron and the maid.

The hoary hairs of three score years,
Mingled with youth's fresh bloom,
Whilst groans and wails, and frantic
prayer,
Burst from their living tomb.
A father sees his only child

A father sees his only child Writhe 'neath a cruel beam; Save me, Oh Father! father save! The maiden wildly screamed.

I come! I come! the father cried,
Thy suff'rings soon shall cease—
Heavens! the father now recoils,
Whilst flames burst in his face.
He turned on her his frantic eye
With fear and horror glazed—
Great God! that loved, that only child
Has perished while he gazed.

The radiant beam of trusting hope;
Which lighted ev'ry eye,
Goes out amid that smoky pall
That shrouds the starry sky;
The crowd had caught the frantic cry,
Which thrilled through every frame,
The night winds echoed back the shriek,
The ruins are in flames!

Shriek upon shriek, groan upon groan,
Rang on the midnight air—
Curses and supplications wild,
Mingled with frantic prayer—
The flames are gathering giant strength,
Each moment flickering higher,
Whilst horrid pæans of despair
Rose from the funeral pyre.

The morn in grand sublimity
Pours down its golden light,
Eclipsing ev'ry diamond star
That decks the brow of night.
Hushed now is each shrill horrid shriek,
Which lately rung so wild,
In death's embrace, a shapeless mass,
Lay husband, wife and child.

Oh! who can tell the hopes and fears
Which yester morn were theirs;
Hope gilded all the future bright,
Despite its toils and cares;
Fear did but make the ground work dark,
That hope might brighter gleam,
As frowning rocks a grandeur cast
Upon the cascades sheen.

The lover's heart leaped wild with joy
As fancies silent trace
Upon the tablet of his heart,
Some dear remembered face.
The maiden stands behind her loom,
With pure and lofty brow,
Whilst tell tale blushes deck her cheek
As she recalls loves vows.

The old man with his hoary hairs,
Looks back on bygone years,
As mem'ry paints his childhood scenes,
His eve is dimmed with tears.
Alas! the lover's throbbing heart,
Old age's hoary head,
The maiden's pure and lofty brow
Have all forever fled.

Sleep on! sleep on, ye weary ones,
Thy toils and pains are o'er;
We know that thou art happy now
On heaven's blissful shore.
Soon we shall leave this earthly sphere,
And join with thee above,
To claim our immortality
Purchased by Jesus' love.

Lowell, Jan. 20th, 1860.

Disaster. Lawrence

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Let me Kiss

HIM FOR

HIS MOTHER

Let me kiss him for his mother

Let me kiss his dear youthful brow;
I will love him for his mother,

And seek her blessing now.

Kind friends have sooth'd his pillow,

Have watched his every care,
Beneath the weeping willow

O lay him gently there.

Chorus—Sleep, dearest, sleep,
I love you as a brother;
Kind friends around you weep,
I've kissed you for your mother.

Let me kiss him for his mother,
What though left a lone stranger here.
She has loved him as none other,
I feel her blessing near.
Though cold that form lies sleeping,
Sweet angels watch around;
Dear friends are near thee weeping,
O lay him gently down.
Chorus—Sleep, dearest, sleep, &c.

Let me kiss him for his mother
Or perchance a fond sister dear;
If a father or a brother
I know their blessing's here.
Then kiss him for his mother,
'Twill soothe her after years;
Farewell, dear stranger, brother,
Our requiem, our tears.

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Cноrus—Sleep, dearest, sleep, &с.

Let me King

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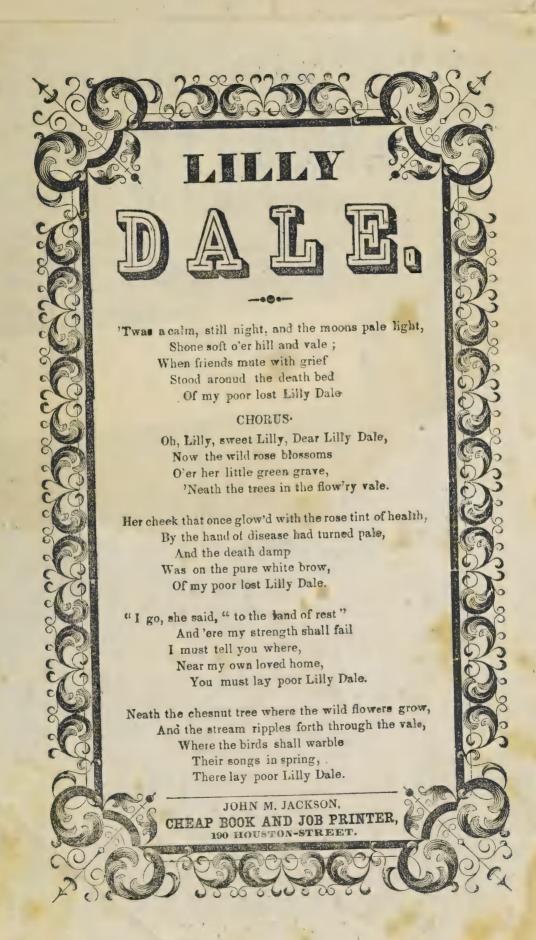
Our friends are near thee weeping.

Ower Stry downst, deep &c.

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I know their blossing's realised him for his mother, "Knill souther her after yours; "Knill southe her after yours; "Knill southe her after yours; "Knill southe her after yours;

Chosus Sirely desirest, sleep, he



WALAG

West earling still night, and the moons pale shows soft o'er hill and vale.

When friedes mater ariet

Stood around the first had

Of my poor lost ing Line.

CHORRES

Ou, tilly event hilly bear littly bale, Mose the will one interness the most little green, grave, while he trees a grave, while he trees in the downey below.

Hereau on their recylors a constant recession of health.

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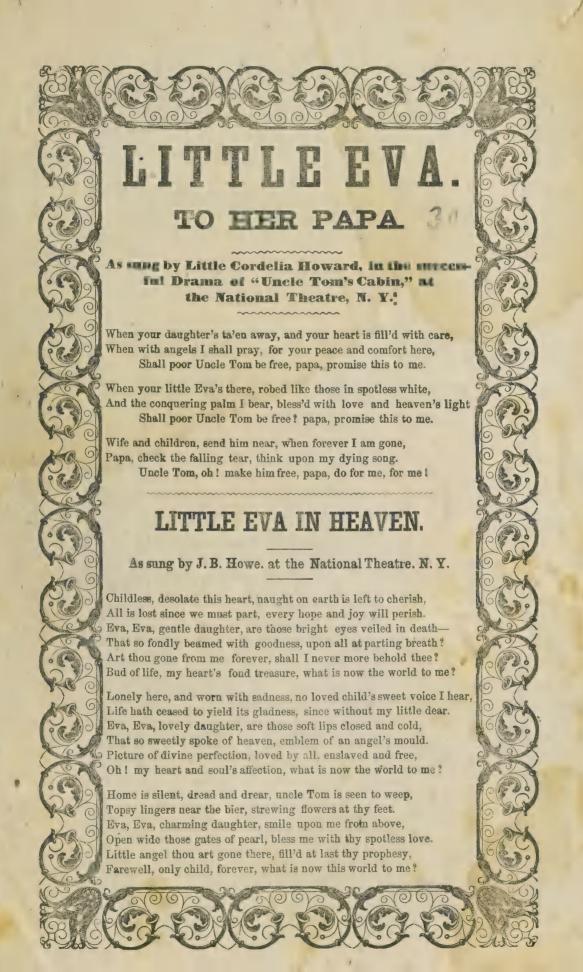
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You mant lay poor tilly ste.

Wrath the cheant tree who a too wild flowers grow And the success for the third the ghole wheel we had worked to birds and workle to birds and good workle

JOHN W. JACKSON, LILLE 200X AND JOB TRINKES



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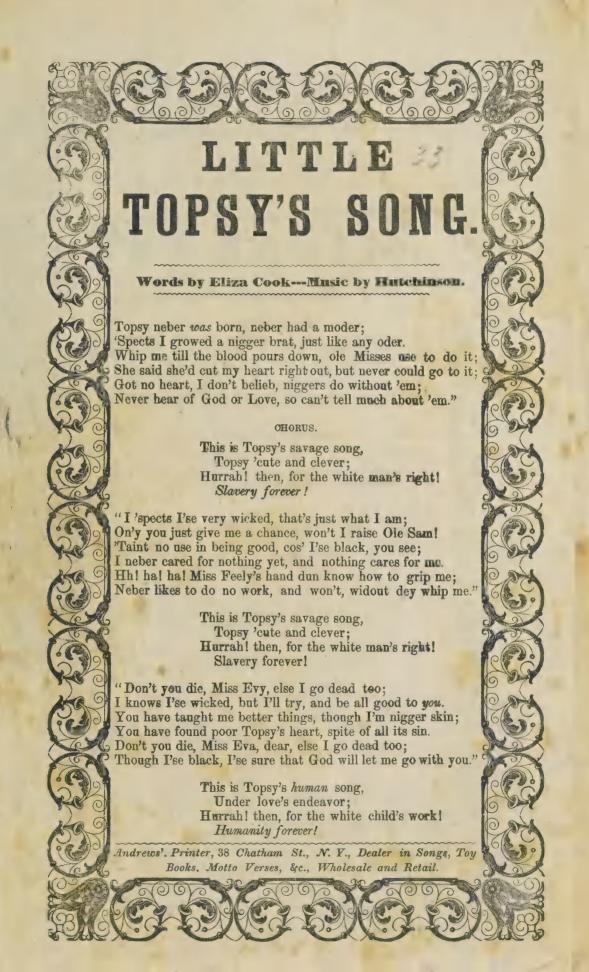
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TOPEY'S SONG

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neber was born, meber had noder;

I growed a nigger brot, just like any oder,

I no till the bjoot pours durup, ole likisses mee to do ft

she'd out my bear right out, but never could go to t

U no Lore belieb, suggers do without 'can',

U no Lore of Love, so can't cell much about 'can."

CHOILUE.

whis is Popsy's sarage song, Topsy 'cute and cluver; Harraha then, for the white san's right! Slavery forces !

"I peeds like very wished that's just what land
'to' m just ite me a chance won't lesise Ole Bami

a power n heing good, soo' lee block you see;

never cared for nothing yet, and soling erres or me,

if al hal heise sely's nand an know how to grip me;

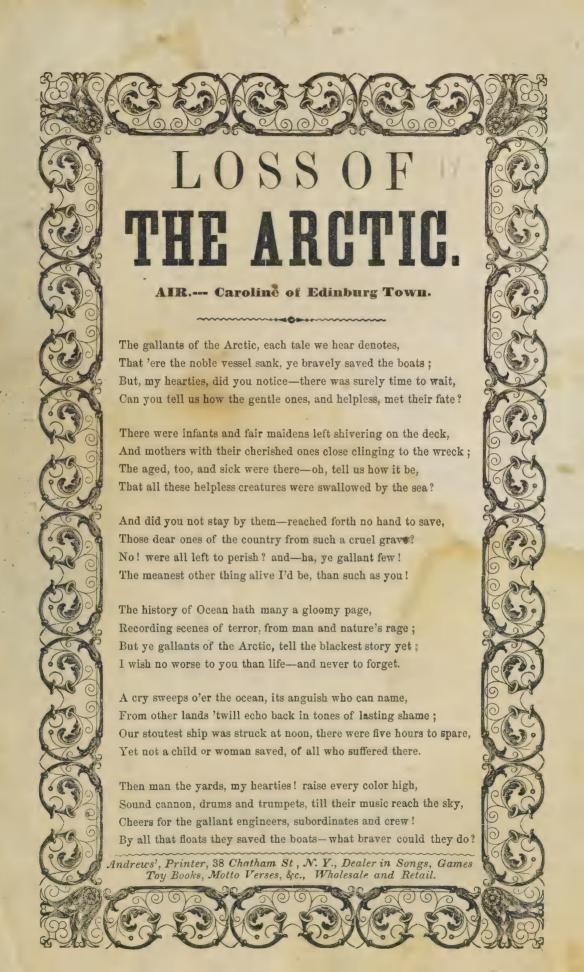
c likes to do no work, and won't, winder day whip me

This is Popsy's savens song, Popsy once and clever; rvin! then, for the vilte man's right! Shevery forever!

Hout you die, Mas svy, else i pordent too:
knows is wicked, but i'll ary, and be all good to post,
on have angint me infliger alines though in nigger skin;
have bund a "Ropey aliment, spite of all its die,
out ou die, it is that their ask i go dead too;
the black free aure ant God will of me go with you

This is Toney's song, Tales love's endenvor; Marrahl then for the white saile's work! Marrahl theory!

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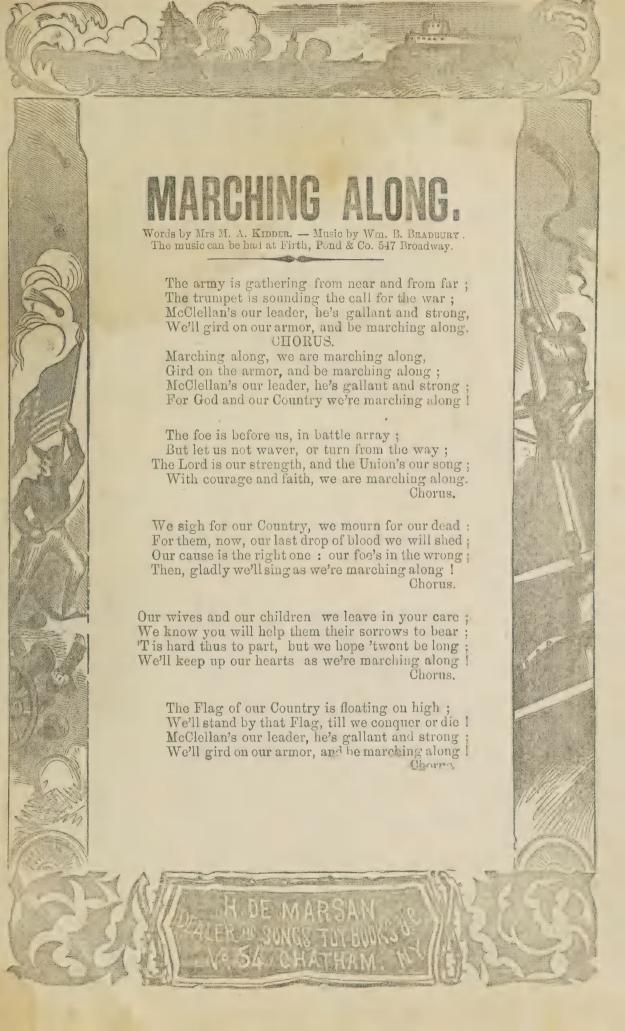
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Mother Dear.

There was a place in childhood,
That I remember well,
And there a voice of sweetest tone
Bright fairy tales did tell;
And gentle words and fond embrace
Were given with joy to me,
When I was in that happy state,
Upon my mother's knee.

CHORUS.

My mother dear, my mother dear!
My gentle gentle mother!

When fairy tales were ended,
"Good night," she softly said,
And kissed and laid me down to sleep
Within my tiny bed;
And holy words she taught me there,
Methinks I yet can see
Her angel eyes, as close I knelt
Beside my mother's knee.

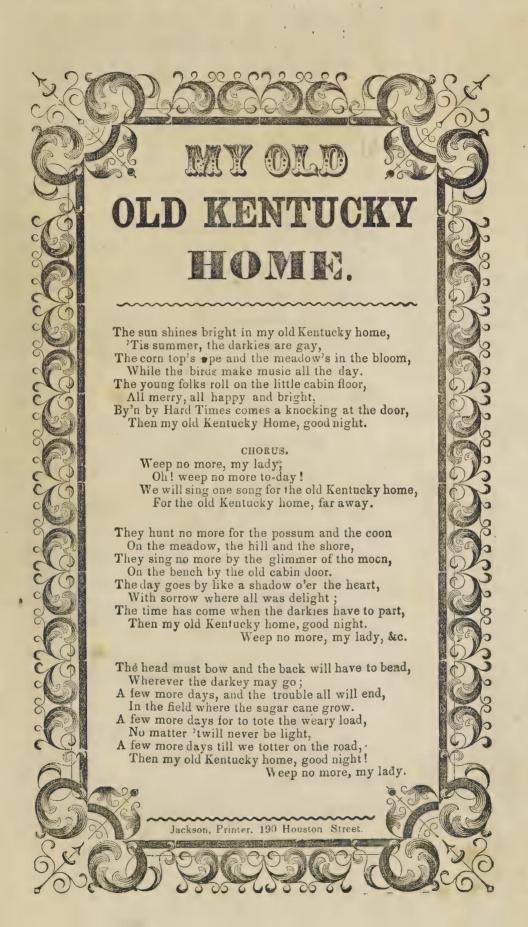
Oh! mother dear, &c.

In the sickness of my childhood,
The perils of my prime,
The sorrows of my riper years,
The cares of every time—
When doubt or danger weighed me down,
Then pleading all for me,
It was a fervent prayer to Heaven
That bent my mother's knee.

My mother dear, &c.

Andrews'. Printer, 38 Chatham St., N. Y., Dealer in Songs, Toy Books. Motto Verses, &c., Wholesale and Retail.

Mother Dear



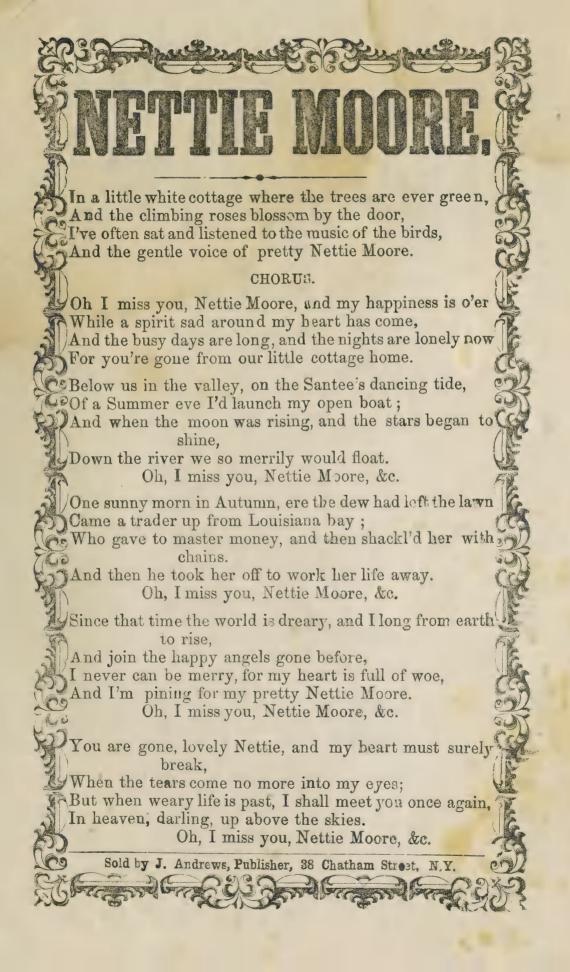
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ME THE OTHER STORM - INCOME INTO HIS STA

OCEAN BURIAL

"Oh, bury me not in the deep, deep sea!"
These words came low and mournfully,
From the pallid lips of a youth who lay
On his cabin couch, at the close of day.
He had wasted and pined, till o'er his brow
The death shades had slowly passed, and now
When the land and his once loved home was nigh,
They had gathered around to see him die.

"Oh bury me not in the deep, deep sea,"
Where the billowy shrouds will roll over me,
Where no light will burst through the dark, cold wave.
No sunbeams rest upon my grave.
It matters not, I've oft been told
Where the body shall rest when the heart is cold:
But grant ye, O grant ye, this boon to me.
"Oh, bury me not in the deep, deep sea."

"Let my death slumbers be where a mother's prayer, And a sister's tears will be blended there; Oh! 'twill be sweet, ere the heart throb is o'er, To know, when its fountain shall gush no more. That those it so fondly has yearned for, will come, To plant the first wild-flower of Spring on my tomb: Let me lie where those loved ones can weep over me, O bury me not in the deep, deep sea!

From infancy I've list'd — to the well known words, The free, wild winds and the song of birds, I've thought of home, of cot and bower, And of scenes I loved in childhood's hour. I've ever hoped to be laid when I died, In the graveyard there by the green hill side, By the bones of my father, my grave shall be, "Oh, bury me not in the deep, deep sea."

"And there is another, her tears would be shed For him who lay far in a cold ocean bed; In hours that it pains me to think of now, She has twined these locks and kissed this brow. In the hair she wreathed, shall the sea serpent hiss? The brow she pressed, shall the cold wave kiss? Far the sake of that bright one, who waits for me, Oh, bury me not in the deep, deep sea!

"She hath been in my dreams,"—his voice failed there; They gave no heed to his dying prayer; They have lowered him slow o'er the vessel's side, And above him has closed the dark cold tide! Where to dip her wing, the sea-fowl rests, Where the blue waves dance with their foaming crests, Where the billows bound, and the winds sport free,—They have buried him there, in the deep, deep sea!

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OCEANBURIAL

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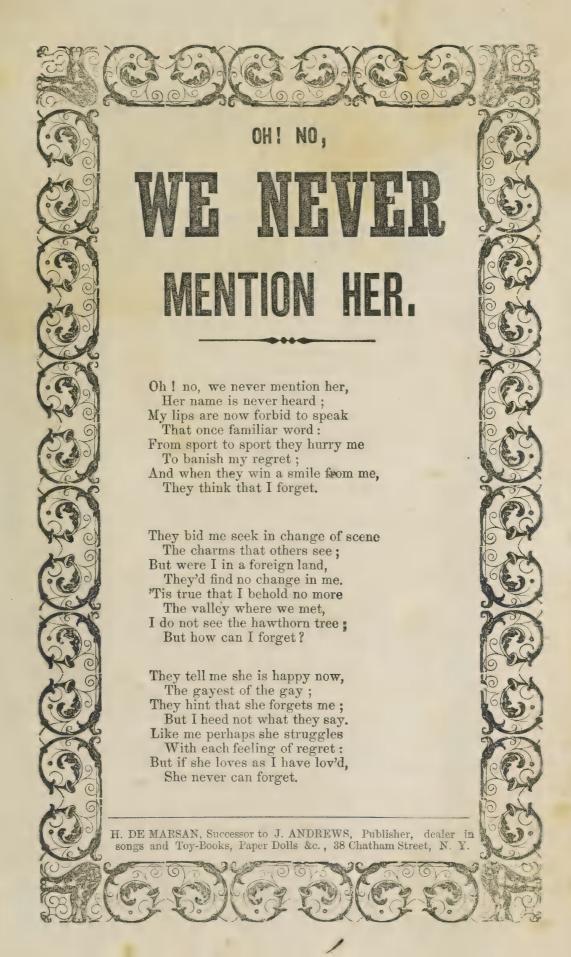
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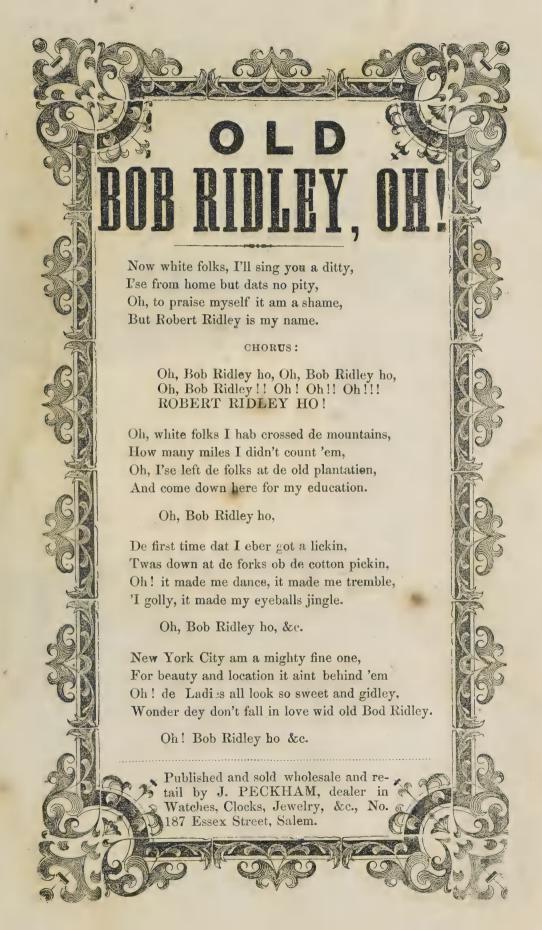
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And when they win a smale form me, her, which that I torget.

wide on sould in change of scend hurnes find charge me; s were I in a boreign lead, They'd and no change in one. The res that I behald no mere The valley where we neek, I do set see the hawdhern time; Enthew one i forgot?

They bell me she is happy now, "They int that all largests me; "They int that all largests me; he had they she alray gles I be no perfect that they say, with they rectally it who is she alray all largests." She mey; out forget.

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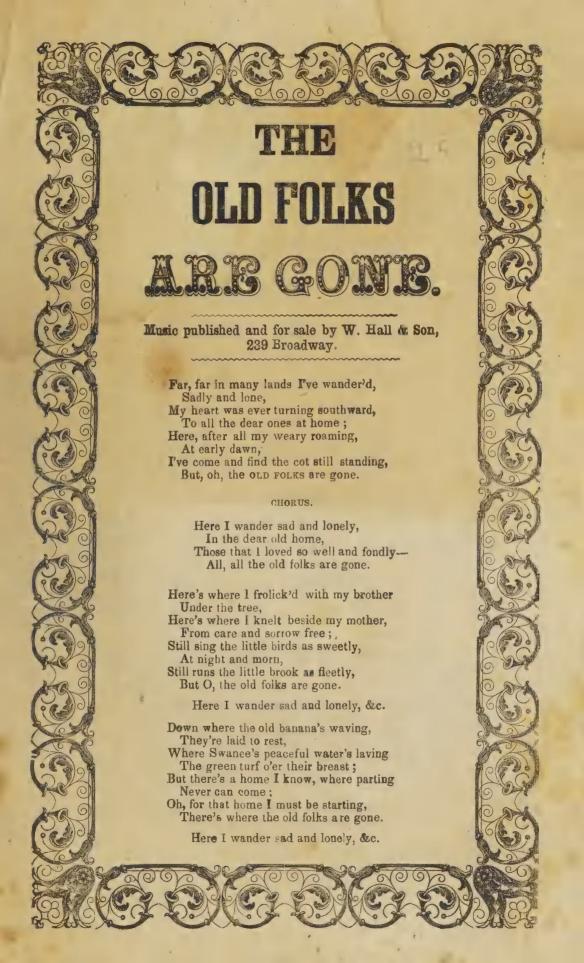
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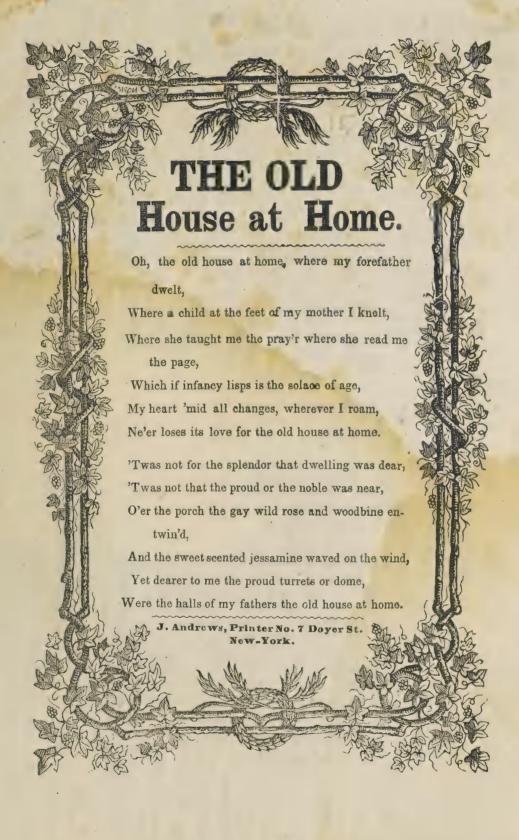
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THE

iran "DIX

Oh, the North and South they have fell out, And can't tell what it's all about,

Away, away in Charleston, South Carolina.

Oh, never mind, they'll make it right, For they hav'nt courage, either one, to fight

Away, away, in Charleston, South Carolina,

So let them go it while they are young,

Away, away, In South Carolina sultry clime,

Where the nigger he is bound to shine.

Away, away in Charleston, South Carolina. [Repeat.

Now all good patriots, to a man,

Come rally around, and save your land.

Away, away in Charleston, South Carolina.

Oh, Anderson is in Fort Sumpter now,

And if they get him out, there'll be row, Away, away in Charleston, South Carolina.

Then I wish I was in Fort Sumpter,

To-day, to-day.

Old Davis, he would have to pray For Abe to save him without delay.

Away, away in Charleston, South Carolina.

(Repeat.

Our baby President, old Buchanan, He got scared at the Palmetto Banner,

Away, away Charleston, South Carolina.

So Sam and Scott and two three others,

Sent him home to see his mother,

Away, away in Charleston, South Carolina.

Now wasn't he a pretty man,

To stand, to stand

And let them fire into our ships,

And never open his infant lips.

Away, away to them in South Carolina. (Repeat.

When he got home he told his mother,

If he only had a brother,

Away, away in Charleston, South Carolina,

If he should do as he had done,

He'd send him home to kingdom come,

Away, away in Charleston, South Carolina;

Oh, isn't he repenting good,

Hooray, hooray,
For by his country, he should have stood,
And tried to do mittle good,

Away, away in Charleston, South Carolina (Repeat.

Now the Union must and shall be saved,

The stars and stripes o'er it must wave,

Away, away in Charlestown, South Carolina,

Old Abe is up and so's his muscle,

Golly, won't he make them hussle,

Away, away in Charleston, South Carolina,

Then I wish I was in Charleston, To-day, to-day, To see the fun, and see them run,

If you at them point a gun,

Away, away in Charleston, South Carolina.

(Repeat.

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And can't tell what it sail about.
Away, away in Charleston, South Carolina.

For they has ut consuce, either one, to high

Away, owey, in Charleston, South Carolina,

No let them go it while they are young,

In South Carelina matrix clime,
Where the nigger he is bound to shine.
Away, away in Charleston, South Carolina, [Repeat.

Come raily around, and ever your land. Away away in Charicston, bouth Garolina.

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He got seared at the Palmetto Banner.

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Away, sway in Charleston, Bouth Garolina.

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Away, away to them in South Carolina. (Repeat.

A cay, away in Charleston, Nouth Carolina.

He'd send him home to kingdom come,

Away, away in Charleston, South Carolina

Away, away in Charleston, Mouth Carolina (Mesons

The stars and stripes o'er it must wave.

Away eway in Charlestown, South Caroline.
Old Abe is up and so's lds musele,
Golly, won't be make them hussle,
tway, sway in't harleston, South Carolina

I'hen I wish I wesin Charleston,

l'o ser the fun, and see them run.

Away, away in Charleston, bouth (aroling | Repeat



When lightnings pierce the pitchy sky,
And o'er the ocean's bosom fly.
While roaring waves each other whelm,
The hardy pilot takes the helm.
He puts to sea, resolved to save,
Or perish in the briny wave.

The signal of distress he hears,
And to the foundering vessel steers;
He loudly hails the exhausted crew.
Who, cheered by him, their toils renew,
And bless the pilot come to save,
Or perish in the briny wave.

They work the pumps with double force;

He calmly points the helmsman's course;
His steady order all obey;

And now the vessel on her way

Pursues, the pilot bent to save,

Or perish in the briny wave.

With anxious care her course they keep;
She struggling rides the angry deep:
In smoother water soon she sails;
The crew huzza, then warmly hails
The hardy pilot bent to save,
Or perish in the briny wave.

EVER OF THEE.

As Sung By John Hasset.

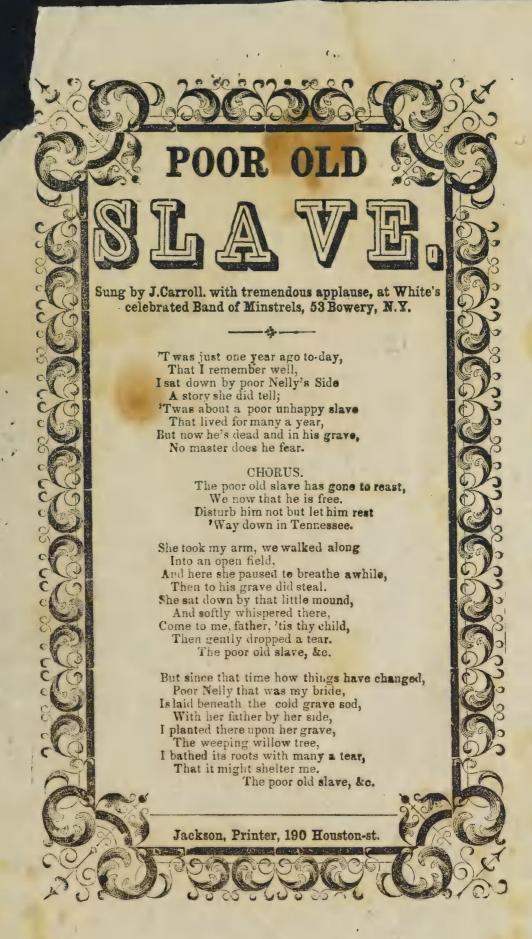
Ever of thee I' am fondly dreaming.
Thy gentle voice my spirit can cheer;
Thou wert the star that mildly beaming,
Shone o'er my pat h when all was dark and drear:
Still in my heart thy form I cherish;
Every kind thought, like a bird, flies to thee:
Oh oh! never, till life and memory perish,
Can I forget how dear thou art to me:
Morn, noon and night, wherever I may be,
Fondly I am dreaming ever of thee.

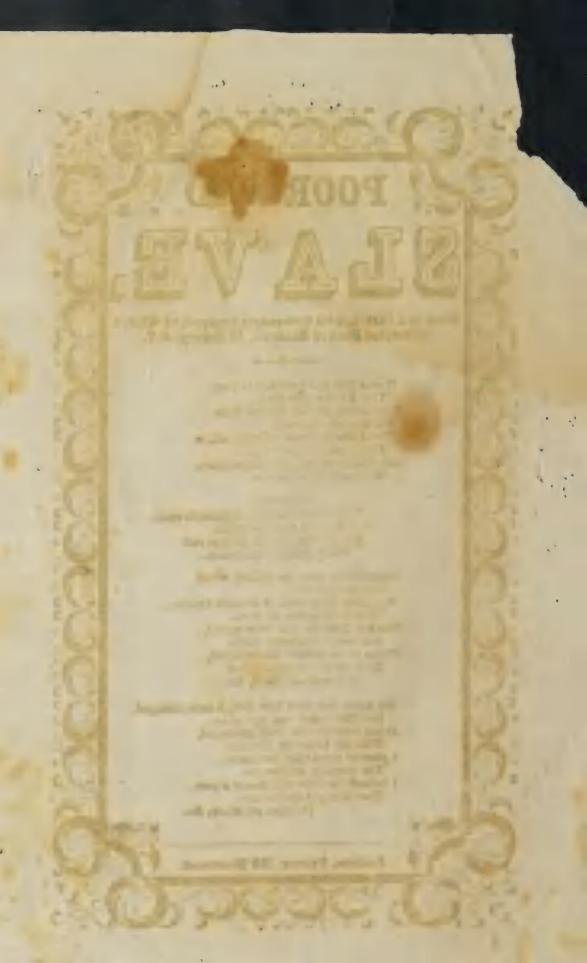
Ever of thee, when sad and lonely,
Wandering afar, my soul joyed to dwell;
Ah then, I felt I loved thee only;
All seemed to fade before affection's spell;
Years have not chilled the love I cherish;
True as the stars hath my heart been to thee.
Oh oh! never, till life and memory perish,
Can I forget how dear thou art to me:
Morn, noon and night, wherever I may be,
Fondly I am dreaming ever of thee.

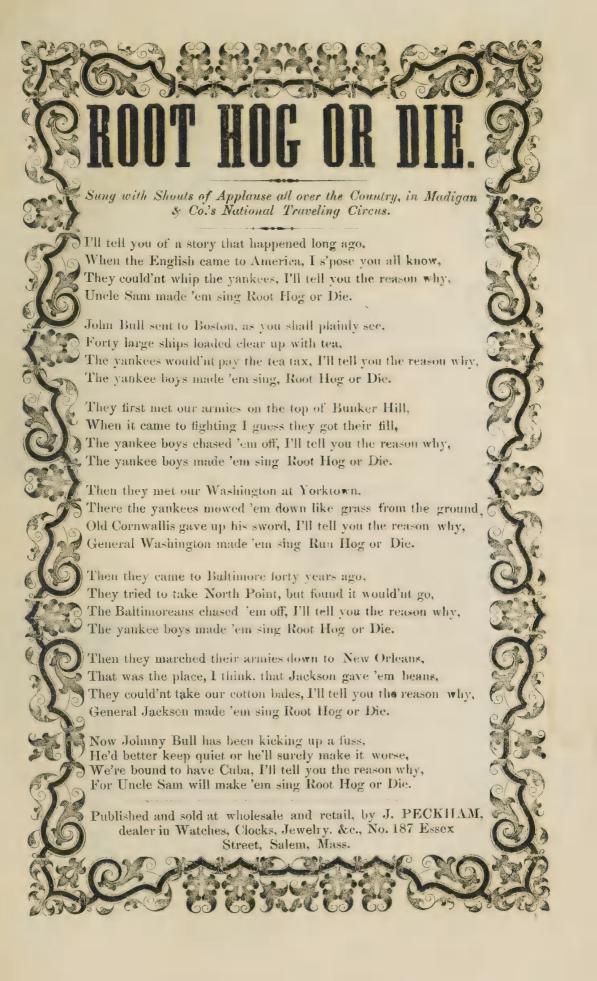
H. DE MARSAN, Successor to J. ANDREWS, Publisher, Dealer in songs and Toy Books, Paper Dolls, &c. 38 Chatham Street, New-York.

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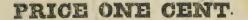
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ROSA LEE,

When I lib'd in Tennessee, U li a li o la e,

I went a courtin' Rosa Lee, U li a li o la e.

Eyes as dark as winter night, Lips as red as berry bright,

When first I did her wooing go, She said, "Now don't be foolish, Joe!"

U li a li o la e,

Courtin down in Tennessee, U li a li o la e,

Neath de wild persimmon tree.

I said, "You lubly gal, dat's plain, U li a li o la o,

Breff as sweet as sugar cane,

U li a li o la e,

Feet as large and comely too,
Might make a cradle ob each shoe,
Rosa, take me for your beau;
She said, "Now don't be foolish, Joe!"

U li a li o la e,
Courtin down in Tennesse,
U li a li o la e,

'Neath de wild persimmon tree.

My story yet is to be told,

U li a li o la e, Rosa cotch'd a shocking,

U li a li o la e.

Send de doctor, fetch de nurse,
Doctor come, but made her worse,
I tried to make her laugh, but no—
She said, "Now don't be foolish Joe!"

U li a li o la e,

Courtin down in Tennessee, &c.

Dey guv her up, no power could save,

Ulialiolae,

She ax mc follow to her grave,

Ulialiolae,

I took her hand, 'twas cold as deff, So cold I hardly draw my breff, She saw my tears in sorrow flow, And said, "Farewell my dearest Joe!"

U li a li o la e,

Rosa sleeps in Tennessee, &c.

Titles was notice

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ROSALIE,

THE

Prairie Flower.

On the distant Prairie, where the heather wild In its beauty lived and smiled, Stands a little cottage, and the creeping vine Loves around its porch to twine; In that peaceful dwelling was a lovely child, With her blue eyes beaming soft and mild, And the wavy ringlets of her flaxen hair, Floating in the summer air.

CHORUS.

Fair as a lily, joyous and free, Light of that Prairie home was she, Every one who knew her felt the gentle power Of Rosalie, the Prairie flower.

On that distant Prairie, when the days were long Tripping like a fairy, sweet her song, With her sunny blossoms, and the birds at play, Beautiful and bright as they; When the twilight shadows gathered in the west, And the voice of nature sank to rest, Like a cherub kneeling seemed the lovely child With her gentle eyes so mild.

Fair as a lily, &c.

But the summer ended, and the chilly blast,
O'er that peaceful cottage swept at last!
When the autumn song birds woke the dewy mora,
Little Prairie flower was gone.
For the angels whispered softly in her ear,
Child, thy Father calls thee, stay not here;
And they gently bore her robed in spotless white,
To their peaceful home of light.

Fair as a lily, &c.

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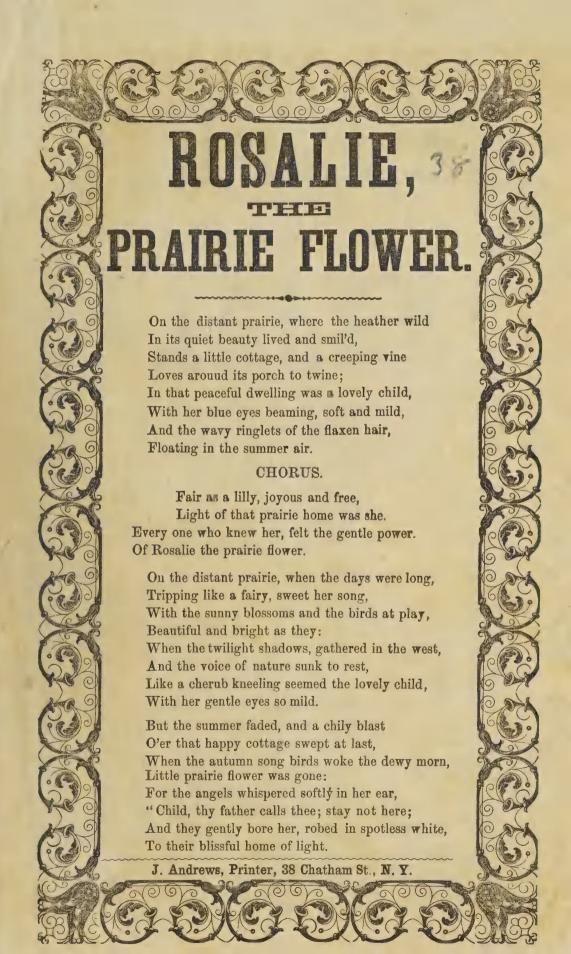
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count tour gette profit there; stay not here;

And they goodly here here named in sportess of the their billectus.

Pinter 22 Chadran St. M. Y.

SHE SLEEPS

IN THE

I'll tell thee a tale of a maiden's veil,
It was worn by Jane O'Malley:
On the highland green her form was seen,
But she now sleeps in the valley.

One year ago when the sun was low,
Along with Elwyn Ally;
To chat and talk she took a walk,
But she now sleeps in the valley.

Her heart was warm she thought no harm,
She was restrained by Ally;
Her friends did mourn she did not return,
And she now sleeps in the valley.

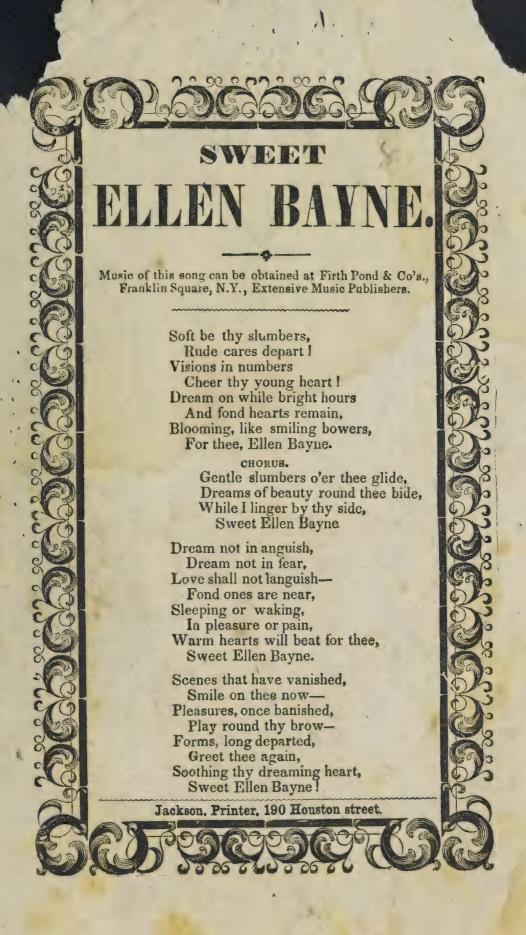
They searched around, till the spot was found,
Where struggled Jane O'Malley;
Where the rock was cleft her veil was left,
And she now sleeps in the valley.

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THE WE

DLLEEN BAYNE

Music of this song can be obtained at Firth Pond & Nove.

Franklin Square N.Y., Extensive Masic Publishers.

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thee thy young neart!

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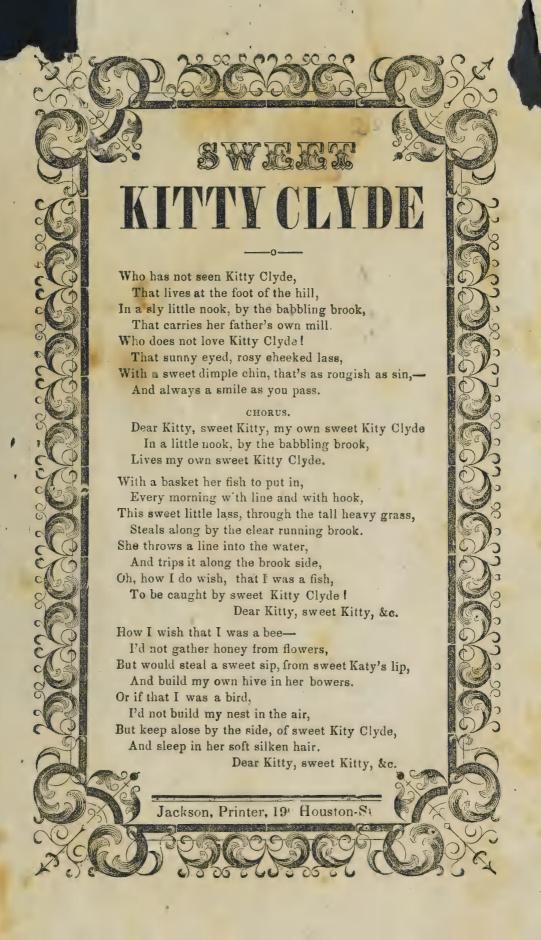
cor thee Fillen Boyne.

Gonde churchets a'er torce glice, Dreams of jointy round thee bide, W. to I linger. Thy site, Sweet Edlett Englis

ream not in securish,
ream not in icht,
lver all not kinguish—
lone ones are near,
lin pleasare or hair,
lin pleasare or hair.

Scenes that have ranished.
Smile as these now.
Pleasures, once benished.
Play round thy urov.
You me, long departed,
ircet thee again.
Southing thy freeming heart,
dweet fillen tyne.

Isolana, otes, 190 Moneton treet.



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THE SWORD OF

BUNKER HILL.

By permission of H. Tolman, Washington Street, owner of Copyright.

He lay upon his dying bed,
His eye was growing dim,
When with a feeble voice he called
His weeping son to him.
"Weep not, my boy," the veteran said,
"I bow to Heaven's high will;
But quickly from yon antlers bring
The Sword of Bunker Hill."

The sword was brought, the soldier's eye
Lit with a sudden flame,
And as he grasped the ancient blade,
He murmured Warren's name;
Then said, "My boy, I leave you gold,
But what is richer still,
I leave you, mark me, mark me now,
The Sword of Bunker Hill.

"'T was on that dread, immortal day,
I dared the Briton's band,
A captain raised this blade on me,
I tore it from his hand;
And while the glorious battle raged,
It lightened Freedom's will,
For, boy, the God of Freedom blessed
The Sword of Bunker Hill.

"Oh, keep the sword!" his accents broke,
A smile, and he was dead,
But his wrinkled hand still grasped the blade
Upon that dying bed.
The son remains, the sword remains,
Its glory growing still,
And twenty millions bless the sire
And Sword of Bunker Hill.

Sold at Wholesale by

HORACE PARTRIDGE,

Importer, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Fancy Goods, Toys, Watches, Jewelry, Yankee Notions, Beads, &c., No. 27 Hanover Street. . . . Boston.

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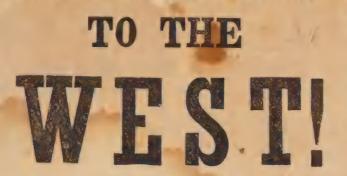
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To the west! to the west! to the land of the free, Where the mighty Missouria rolls down to the sea, Where a man is a man if he is willing to toil, And the humblest may gather the fruits of the soil, Where children are blessings, and he who hath most Has aid to his fortune, and riches to boast; Where the young may exult, and the aged may rest, Away, far away, to the land of the west.

CHORUS.

To the west! to the west! to the land of the free, Where the mighty Missouria rolls down to the sea, Where the young may exult and the aged may rest, Away, far away, to the land of the west!

To the west! to the west! where the rivers that flow,
Run thousands of miles, sparking out as they go,
Where the green waving forests shall echo our call,
As wide as old England, and free to ns all!
Where the prairies, like seas where the billows have roll'd,
Are broad as the kingdoms and empires of old;
And the lakes are oceans in storms or in rest—
Away, far away, to land of the west!

To the west, to the west, &c.

To the west, to the west, there is wealth to be won; A forest to clear is the work to be done:

We'll try it—we'll do it—and never despair,

While there's light in the sunshine, or life in the air,

The bold independence that labor shall buy,

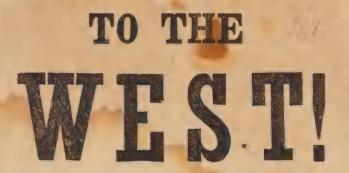
Shall strengthen our hearts, and forbid us to sigh;

Away, far away, let us hope for the best!

For a home is a home, in the land of the west!

To the west, to the west, &c.

Andrews, Printer. 38 Chatham St., N. Y., Dealer in Songs Toy Books. Motto Verses, &c., Wholesale and Retail. THE PARTY OF STREET



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TWINKLING STARS.

Twinkling stars are laughing, love,
Laughing on you and me,
While your bright eyes look in mine,
Peeping stars they seem to be;
Troubles come and go, love,
Brightest scenes must leave our sight.
But the star of hope, love,
Shines with radiant beams to-night.

CHORUS.

Twinkling stars are laughing, love,
Laughing on you and me,
While your bright eyes look in mine,
Peeping stars they seem to be.

Golden beams are shining, love
Shining on you to bless,
Like the queen of night, you fill
Darkest space with loveliness.
Silver stars how bright, love.
Mother moon in thronely might,
Gaze on us to bless, love,
Purest vows here made to night.

CHORUS.

Twinkling stars are laughing, love,
Laughing on you and me,
While your bright eyes look in mine,
Peeping stars they seem to be.

Published and sold wholesale & retail by GEO. W. PECKHAM, Salem, Mass. All the New Songs always on hand.

BELLARINE

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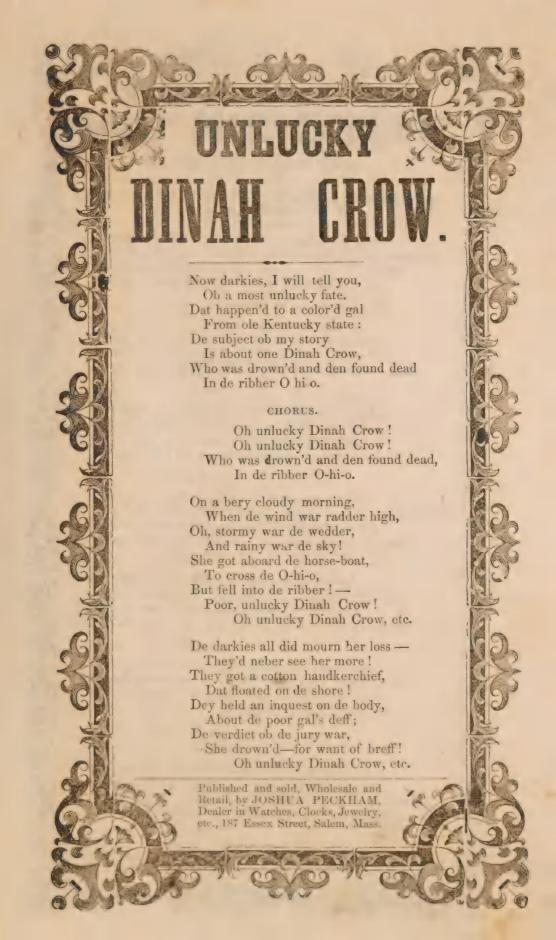
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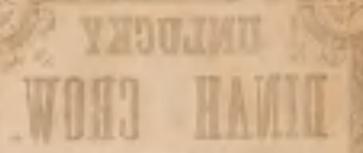
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Le above one Dinate Crow,

Who was drown'd and den found dend

In de ribber O hi o.

CHORUS.

(1) mlarky Dinah Grov!
Oh unlucky Dinah Crow!
Who was drown'n and don tound dead,
in de ribber (bhi-o.

(* a be v cloudy morning.

When de wind war redder high,

M stormy war de wedder,

And rang war de sky!

She got abourd de horse-boat.

To cross de O hico.

But tell into de ribber!

Poor, anducky Ekinh Cow!

Con unbecky Dinah Cow!

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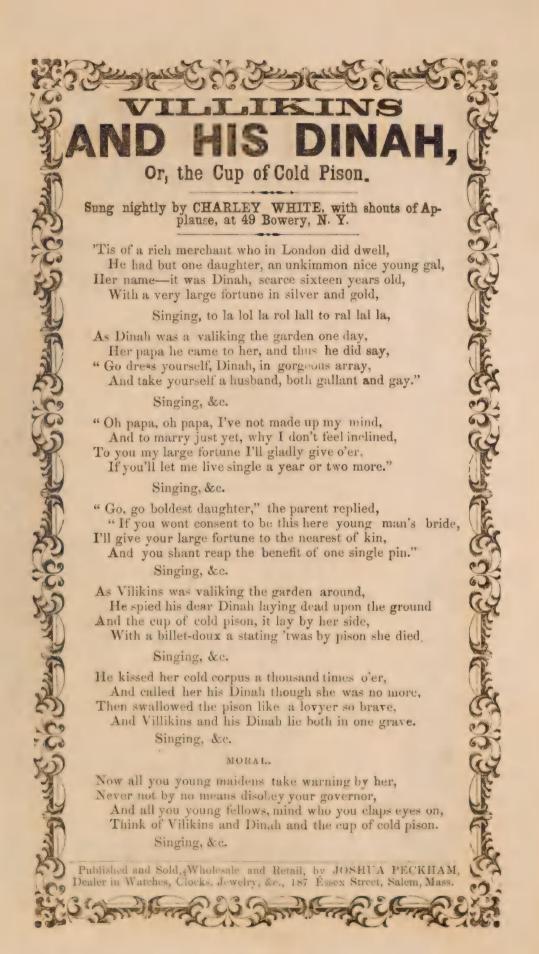
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I've verdiet che de jury was,

She drown'd—for ward of bre H!

Ob unlucky Dinch Grow, etc.

Published and sold, Wholerale and Recoll, in JOSHIA PRICKHAM, Oracle in Vistebes, Clocks, Jovetic, Co., 147 Essex Phros. Salom, Mass.



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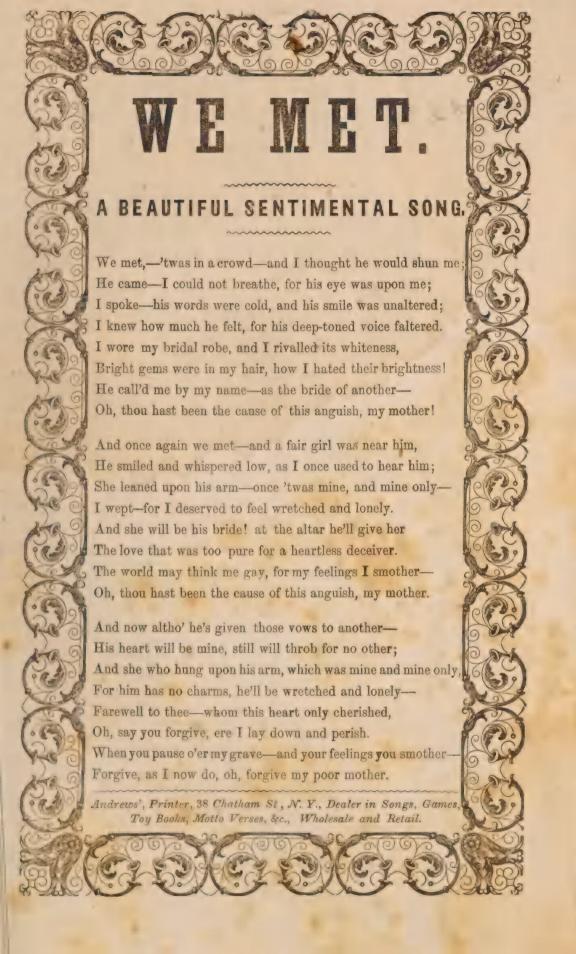


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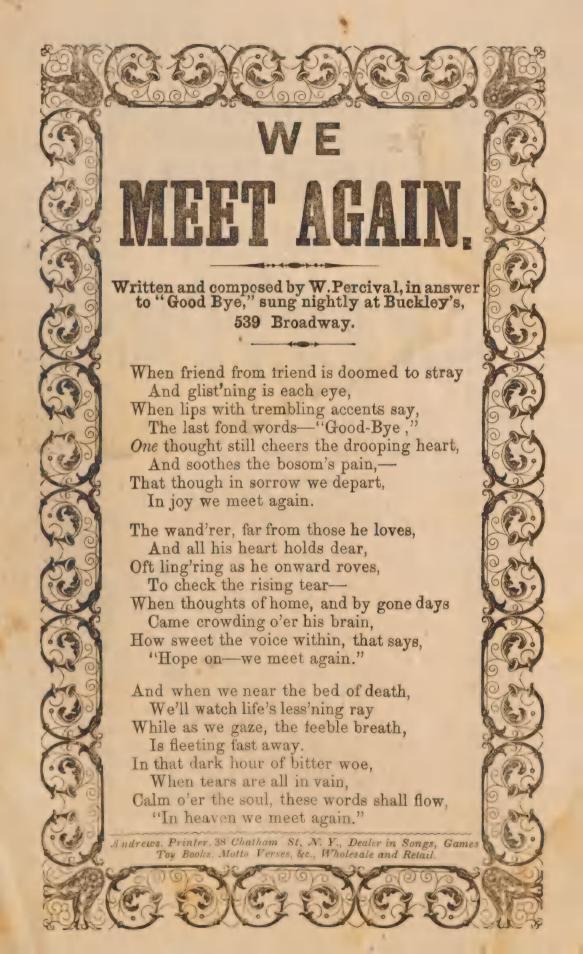
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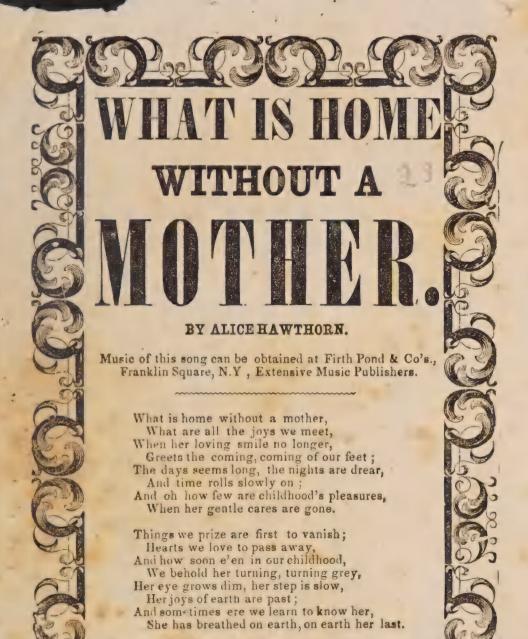
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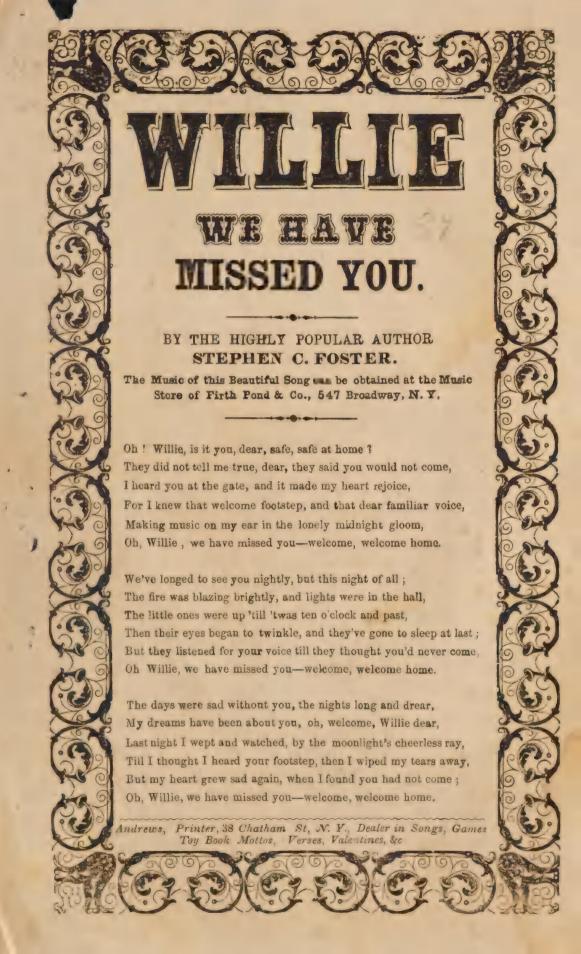
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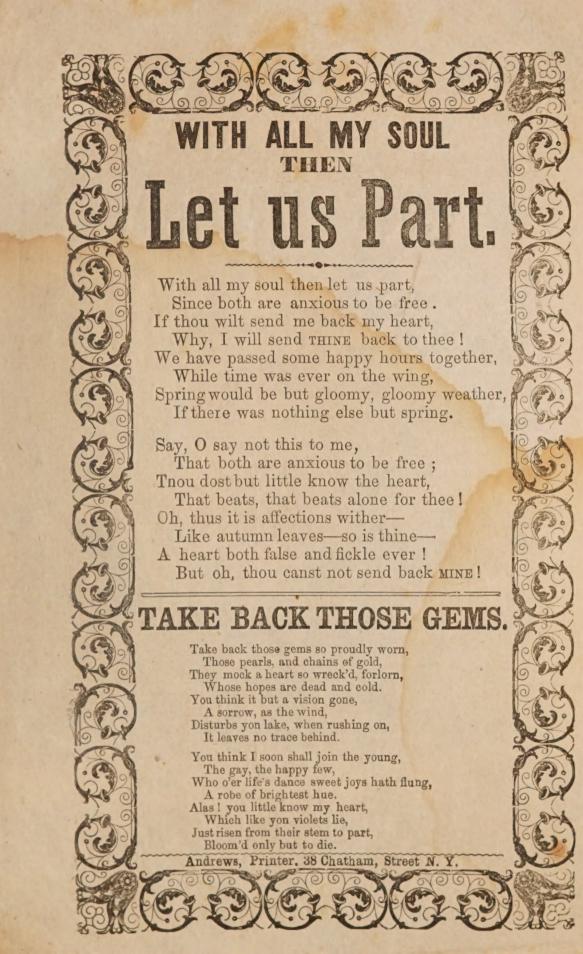
Older hearts may have their sorrows,
Grief that quickly dies away,
But a mother lost in childhood.
Grieves the heart, the heart from day to day;
We miss her kind, her willing hand.
Her fond and earnest care;
And oh! how dark is life around us,
What is home without, without her there.

J. M. Jackson, Printer, 190 Houston Street.





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CHOICE POPULAR SONGS.

COLLECTION

AS SUNG BY NED BENNETT.

Words by permission of Oliver Ditson.

I was born in New Jersey one morning last summer, I got a despatch that my uncle was dead, It also requested I should come to the city He left me a large sum of money t'was said; Of course I determined to go on my journey, To go by the very first cars I was fam, But had I laid over I ne'er should encountered That charming young widow I met on the train

The widow and I side by side sat together,
The seat contained but us two and no more,
Till silence was broken by my fair companion
Inquiring the time by the watch that I wore;
I of course satisfied her and then conversation,
Was freely indulged by us both till my brain,
Fairly reeled with excitement I got so enchanted
With the charming young widow I met on the train.

By this time the cars had arrived at the station,
Within a few miles of this great busy town,
When my fair one exclaimed as she loooked through
the window
Good gracious alive why there goes Mr. Brown;
He's my late husband's brother say will you so
kindly,
Consent a few moment's my child to maintain,
Of course I consented and away from the platform
Tripped the charming young widow I met on the train.

Three minutes elapsed and the signal bell sounded, The cars began moving no widow appeared, I cried out stop! stop! but they paid no attention With a snort and a jork started off as I feared; In this horrid dilemma I sought for the hour, My watch, oh where was it, oh where was my chain, My purse too, my ticket, golden pencil case, gone sir, And so had the widow I met on the train.

While I was my loss most deeply bewailing,
The conductor came forward, your ticket, please heard,
I told him my story while dancing the baby
The loss I sustained but he doubted my word;
He called more officials they gathered around me,
Uncovered the baby how shall I exclaim,
Alas t'was no baby it was only a rag one
That swindling young widow I met on the train.

Satisfied I'd been robbed I took my departure, But of course I'd to settle my fare the next day, So now I'll advise all young men from the country Don't ever get caught in a similar way; Beware of young widows who dress in deep mourning, Who ride in the cars and their tears flow like rain, Look out for your pockets in case they resemble That charming young widow I met on the train.

RIP TEARING JOHNNY'S GONE AWAY.

AS SUNG BY NED BENNETT.

By permission of G. D. Russel & Co., Boston

Oh, come listen awhile, you fair ladies of this town,
To a few words that I've got to say,
Never build your affections on any young man,
For fear he might take and run away,
And then you'd feel like a big sun flower,
Born in the merry month of May. Rip tearing Johnny's gone away.

CHORUS—With my thick lip, crocked stick, Come again and kiss me quick, My Rip tearing Johnny's gone away.

There was King Philips' daughter, a very nice

There was king Philips' daughter, a very nice young girl,
And she always kept her eyes round about her.
And she said that young men of prepossessing looks
Always tried young ladies hearts to slaughter;
And when they would look at you,
From the glimmer of a roguish looking eye,
When they begin to sing, why you's burst out and cry,
My Rip tearing Johnny's gone away (Chorna) My Rip tearing Johnny's gone away (Chorus.)

Now all you ladies of the bloomer hat creation, There is one thing more I've got to say, Just have a little care how you flirt your hoops

around,
For you might accidentally blow yourself away,
And then you'd go away up in the sky,
Like Johnny Sanderson's baloon.
You'd arrive at California, by de gas-light ob de moon.
Oh, my Rip tearing Johnny's gone away. (Chorus.)

THE CHARMING YOUNG WIDOW. "I'LL SAIL THE SEAS OVER FOR THEE,"

AS SUNG BY MARTZ AND BENNETT.

By permission of Sep. Winner, Philadelphia Cheer up, Annie, darling, With hopeful emotion, With hopeful emotion,
To-morrow our parting must be;
I'll sail the seas over,
I'll cross the wide ocean,
I'll sail the seas over for thee.
I will not forget thee,
Ah never, no never,
I cannot forget thee, I know;
Thy smile, like a phantom,
Shall haunt me forever,
And cheer me wherefer I may go.

CHORU s—Good-by, Annie, darling,
Break off from thy serrow,
T'is sad that our parting must be;
I'll sail the seas over,
I'll cross the wide ocean,
I'll sail the seas over for thee.

I go, Annie, darling,
But leave thee in sorrow,
I go, for thy sake far away;
Then bid me good-by,
With a smile on the morrow,
And cheer me with blessings, I pray.
I'll think of thee ever,
And pray for thee over, I'll think of thee ever,
And pray for thee only,
ver the waters I roam;
I'll tarry not darling,
And leave thee all lonely,
hasten again to my home.

Out, out on the ocean,
Away o'er the billow,
My heart on its purpose still bent;
My brow shall find rest,
When I seek my lone pillow,
In knowing that thou art content.
Cheer up, Annie, darling,
Break off from thy sorrow,
T'is sad that our parting must be,
But give me thy smile,
When I leave thee to-morrow,
To sail the seas ever for thee.

(Ohorus.)

HARD TIMES IN OLD VIRGINNY.

MARTZ'S ORIGINAL COMIC BANJO SOLO

Away down in old Virginney
Dare I hear de fiiddle ring.
And all de time its niggers finger
Pickin' on de banjo string.
I get up in de moruing
An I go into de kitchen,
To get a chunk a fire
To go eut a fiishin'.
Symphony, &c.

I want to buy two or three eggs
For 'bout a quarter dollar,
Stir up de hominy pot
De pourk is in de seller.
Neighbor lend me your axe
I'll lend you mine to-morrow,
Go long away from me, said he,
I'll neider lend nor borrow.

Nigger on de hen-coop
He call for glass ob gin,
Dat nigger nearer heben
Dan he eber get agin.
A stray dog come to town
On a load ob peaches,
De hoss run off and broke de cart
And stove him all to pieces.

Once I had a dog

He never told a story,
When he bark up a tree
De coon was dare shurely,
I up wid my gun
I pull upon de trigger,
Slam bang went de gun

Down fall de nigger.

My mammy was a woir
My daddy was a tiger,
And I am what dey call
De ole Virginny nigger;
Half fire, half smoke
A little touch of thunder,

I am what dey call De leventeenth wonder

PD CHOOSE TO BE A BABY.

AS SUNG BY NED BENNETT.

Words by permission of G. D. Russel & Co., Boston. I'd choose to be a baby,
A darling little flower

A daring little nower,
Without a care or sorrow,
As I was in childhood's hour,
When ladies—Heaven bless them—
They'd kiss me and they'd vow
That they could almost eat me.
Why don't they do it now?

CHORUS—I'd choose to be a baby,
A darling little flower,
For the girls to kiss and cuddle me,
As they did in childhood's hour.

When I used to be a baby
They'd to my cradle creep,
They'd kiss, and hug and cuddle me
Till I fell off to sleep;
Yes, they'd kiss and squeeze me too,
Till I felt anyhow;
They'd even wash and dress me.
Why don't they do it now?

For pleased they were to nurse me—
They would take me on their lap,
And would stuff my little bellv full
Of lollypop and pap;
They would chew me tops and buttens,
And, if I made a row,
They'd press me to their bosoms.
Why don't they do it now?

When the ladfes used to love me They would make me nice clothes, They would make me nice morocco shoes, And wipe my little nose; And when the shades of evening came, And sleep came o'er my brow, And said "It's time to go to bed," But they never say so now

THE GRAVE OF CARRIE LEE.

AS SUNG BY MARTZ AND BENNET.

Tey made her a grave in the wildwood shade here the trees gently wave in their bloom, here the wild birds sing and the soft summer air aft seas of melody o'er her tomb; is there little Carrie lies sleeping in death he pride of the village was she, nd there's many friends that now sadly weep or the grave of our own Carrie Lee. CHORUS.

eep let her sleep in the grave we have made om the cares of this world she is free eep let us weep while tall willows wave er the grave of our own Corrie Lee.

hey made her a grave in the wild wood shade There the violets now bloom in the green, there nought is heard but the wabbling of birds ind the babbling brooks are seen; o more her sweet voice can re-echo again at all hushed now in death she has gone to her heaven dwells our our own Carrie Lee. (Chorus.)

OLD KING CROW.

COMIC DUET BY MARTZ AND BENNETT.

Oh ladies and gents I'm going to sing, It is a fact and that you know, It came to pass on a very fine day, It's something about an old King Crow.

Chorus—Old King Crow,
He's the biggest thief I know,
He never says nothing but caw! caw! caw!
Den bring along de hoe cake,
Go long don't you bodder me,
Bring along de hoe cake,
Go long don't you bodder me,
Bring along de hoe cake soon as it is done.

I went way out in the old corn field, Something hollered hello Joe, I look'd way up in a little big tree, And there I saw de old King Crow. (Chorus.)

Oh apple pie and ginger beer
Makes a nigger feel awful queer,
Apple pie and ginger pap
Make a niggers lip go flipupteflap. (Chorus.)

FADED FLOWERS.

AS SUNG RY MARTZ.

By permission of G. D. Russel & Co., Boston. By permission of G. D. Russel & Co., Boston.
Oh the flow'rs that I saw in the wildwood,
Have since drooped their beautiful leaves,
And the many dear friends of my childhood,
Have slumber'd for years in their graves!
Oh, the bloom of the flow'rs I remember,
And the smiles I shall nevermore see;
For the cold chilly mists of December
Stole my flow'rs and companions from me.

The roses may bloom on the morrow
And many dear friends I have won,
Tho' my heart it can part with but sorrow
When I think of the mes that are gone,
'Tis no wonder that I'm broken hearted
And stricken with sorrow should be,
For we've met and we have parted
The downers my companions and me. The flowers my companions and me.

Oh! how dark looks this world and how dreary,
When we part with the ones that we love;
But there's rest for the faint and the weary,
And friends meet with lost ones above! And in neaven I can but remember,
When from Earth my proud soul shall be free,
That no chilly winds of December,
Can part my companions from me!

SOMEBODY IN DE HOUSE WID DINAH.

COMIC DUETT BY MARTZ AND BENNETT, Words by permission of G, D, Russell & Co., Boston

Ole Joe standin' at de garden gate
He cant get in cause he come too late,
He's picked up a stone and a poundin at de door
Ha! ha! ole Joe ye ought to come afore.
(Knocks at the door.) Spoken, who's dare? Ole
Joe. What, ole Joe?—(Sings,) yes ole Joe.

Chorus—Ole Joe kickin up ahind and afore And Dinah's a peepin' out behind de door. (Imitation of a banjo in the distance.)

(Spoken,) what's dat? It sounds like a banjo in de back parlor. Now I would'nt be surprised if dere was (sings)
Someone in de house wid Dinah
Dares someone in de house kid Dinah,
Playin' on de ole banjo.

Come out Dinah what you doin dare,
I want de gun to coot a bear,
Stand back nigger dat game won't do,
I tell you come along or I'll hit you wid a shoe.
Knock's at the door. Banjo in the distancedialogues &c. (Chorus

WHEN I SAW SWEET NELLIE HOME.

AS SUNG BY MARTZ AND BENNET.

By permission of G. D. Russel & Co., Boston In the sky the bright stars glitter'd, On the grass the moonlight fell, Hush'd the sound of daylight's bustle, Closed the pink-eyed pimpernell, As down the moss grown woodpath, Where the cattle love to roam, From Aunt Pattie's quilting party I was seeing Nellie home.

CHORUS—When I saw sweet Nellie home When I saw sweet Nellie home, How I bless the August evening, When I saw sweet Nellie home.

When the Autumn tinged the greenwood, Turning all the leaves to gold, In the lawn by alders shaded, I my love to Nellie told, As we stood together gazing, On the star bespangled dome ow I blessed the August eveni (Chorus.)

White hairs mingle with my tresses, Furrows steal upon my brow, But a love smile cheers and blesses, Life's declining moments now. Matron in a snowy 'kerchief, Tell me dost thou still remember, When I saw sweet Nellie home.

PRICE, 3-11-11-1 CITE I

Sold at Martz's Entertainments.



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VADED FLOWERS.

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"I LL LEE THE BEAS OVER FOR THEE THE CHARMENG YOURS WIDOW.

AS SUMM BY MORTE AND THURSTY.

By no masson of Sep. Winner Published per op, Annie, darling,
With topic in amedica,
To-morrow our parting must be:
I'll each the sone over.
I'll can the sone over.
I'll said the sone over to be:
I'll said the sone to wide over to be:
I'll will not hope; thee. An never, as never
I cannot forget tase, I know;
Thy smile, like a chantom,
Shad haunt me fire or
And cheer me where'er I may go.

Caose s — Cook by Annie, acting
the cak gil from thy corrow.
The end that we received must be.
[Pit sail the same even.
[I'll cooks the wide owne.
[I'll sail the same year thee.]

THY COUNTY OLD TE ENTER WALL

AS SUNG OF MED SERVICE.

I was torn in New Jersey ore morning last summer, I get a despatch that my under west dead,
It also requested I should come to the city
He left me a lerge sum of money a was said;
Of course I determined to go on my journey.
To go by the very first care I was fam,
But had I laid over I never should encountered
That charming young widow I mee on the train.

By this tiefe its own had arrived at the section, Within a few miles of the great busy town, when we have a problem in the colored through the window

Good gracious alive why there goes hir. It own; He's my 'sas busband's brother say will you so kindly.

for noments my child to melatoin I consented and away from the platform becharming young widow I mee on the freig

Bhile I was my less sout deeply be waiting.
The continuous excention was figure to bee please heard,
I sell bloom at same while carring has easy
The loss substanced but he imbed my word
he called more obtains they gached around me,
Uncorror one but, who what I exclaim, Adas these at being found when training the train.

REP TRABLEC LOUDING SCORE A WAY.

AS BURL OF SER DERVELT.

Charact With a time tip croked stick Come agen and alse me ands. My fire center folder is gone away.

From the gurdene of brossing looking deal way When they begins about may you a function and cry, My tile meaning lookings you away (Alogua)

Now all you bulk as of the bloomer two creation,
There is one that were the getter any
tast bare a listle our low you have pour buons
around.
For you index a cit out till lion yourself away,
And steen vil go and apin the sty
Like Johner Banderman a natur
you derrive at California, ty is garkielle remann.
Oh, my lip tearing Johney's your away, ('Borna)

THE WALLS SHEDWARD THE

Sold at Martz's Eintertairfments